

SHOWING TO-DAY **FILMS** At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m.

AIR-CONDITIONED



ADDED: LATEST METRO-NEWS
TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY
JACK LONDON'S

"ADVENTURES OF MARTIN EDEN" with Glenn FORD · Claire TREVOR · Evelyn KEYES · Stuart ERWIN — A Columbia Picture — At Reduced Prices.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.15 & 9.15 P.M. 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.20 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY



EVE ARDEN · ANN BLYTH · BRUCE BENNETT
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ · PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

AT THE QUEEN'S
— TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M. —
Spencer TRACY · Robert YOUNG in M-G-M's

"NORTHWEST PASSAGE" IN TECHNICOLOR — AT REDUCED PRICES!

ORIENTAL

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY: 2.30—5.20—7.30—9.30 P.M.
M-G-M'S TOP-NOTCH ROMANTIC-DRAMA OF THE YEAR!

M-G-M BRINGS YOU 1,000 ROMANTIC THRILLS! GINGER ROGERS · LANA TURNER
At the love-starved movie queen Gold-digger at work!

WALTER PIDGEON · VAN JOHNSON
Was he the jewel thief? Romance for a hero!



Commencing To-morrow: "NOTORIOUS"
— SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M.
the famous picture "LASSIE COMES HOME!"

FILM FAN FARE

BOGART OR BACON

by Patrick Kirwan



PRETTY Audrey Young, a Paramount Starlet, displays the latest thing in Hollywood bathing suits. She is being groomed by her studio for big parts in films.

London. I SAW a very good American film and thoroughly enjoyed myself, but as I left the theatre I was confronted by the menacing words, "We work or we want," streaming across the length of a bombed site. We must work to get dollars. Dollars to pay out debts. Dollars to buy food and raw materials. But we must also pay dollars for our day-dreams, for the films that give the city-dweller the light and movement, the dramatic action and escape from ugliness that nature alone provides free of charge.

Each year the British cinema-goer pays £20,000,000 for the pleasure of watching Hollywood films. It is a large amount for a people taxed almost beyond endurance and who must bear vast burdens of debt accumulated on the behalf of others. And unless there is some reciprocity in the exchange of films between ourselves and America, it may be that, as with cigarettes and tobacco, we shall have to practise some self-denial. It is a case of Bogart or bacon!

The Hollywood magnates are well aware of the danger, and lately there has been no little publicity given to the popularity of British films with American audiences, and of the vast probabilities of profits to be made there. It is stated that this year will see British pictures recoup from America at least £6,000,000 of the £20,000,000 paid to Hollywood.

FAIR PLAY NEEDED

THIS, on the face of it, would seem fair enough when the size of the two industries are compared, but when the distribution and exploitation costs are deducted, the £6,000,000 will have shrunk to less than a million—a pretty poor exchange.

As a fact, with its present opportunities of access to American audiences no British film can take more than £50,000 in America, a tithe of its costs, and of little help in the export drive.

British films are booming. Their quality as entertainment, technical excellence and artistic integrity are recognised wherever they are shown in the world.

As an export they could not only help the British way of life, but help most considerably to redress the adverse trade balances.

But, to play its part, the industry must be given fair play, at home and abroad. In America, the British film must be given reasonable access to the masses, and not "readymade" in brodway cinemas.

At home the industry must be given every facility to increase its output and satisfy the growing demand. Studio space and equipment are hampering expansion and keeping British production at less than one-tenth that of Hollywood.

It would seem of small use for the vast Rank organisation to buy chains of cinemas throughout the world if they are still dependent on Hollywood for 80 percent of their films.

The talent, enthusiasm, and experience are all available. Given space for expansion, the film industry would work as never before, and lend a very willing hand in banishing the gloomy posters that tell us how perilously near we are to want.

A MAN is walking through

THEATRES may bump in the slum, be knocked sideways by films or by sunshine, but showman Billy Rose, of New York, says: "I don't think anything is going to knock off this 2,000-year-old darling. Light will always be the Rambunctious of the entertainment business."

HERE'S a good, new bang-up idea from Carroll Gibbons, 10-year band-leading at the Savoy Hotel. He has a couple of two-hour sum-

MONEY DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING DEPARTMENT: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are to spend £31,000,000 in ten years at their new Elstree Studios. They start in September.

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET, which closed at Covent Garden in June 21, made £100,000 and two stars—Moira Shearer and Beryl Gray.

Moira, who said "Yes" then "No" then "Yes" to a new film about ballet, "Red Shoes," will miss the provincial tour this autumn to make it.

In incidentally, Dottie's entire wardrobe in "Rainbow Island," in which she is co-starred with Eddie Bracken and Gil Lamb, weighs exactly 42 ounces. It consists of six changes of sarongs.

Barry Sullivan, whom moviegoers will remember as the handsome psychiatrist of "Lady in the Dark," is the romantic lead opposite Dorothy in "Rainbow Island."

Things Look Up As Actor Swears Off

Hollywood—Everybody is happy now on RKO Radio's "I Remember Mama" set, for Philip Dorn has given up smoking, as required by the story.

Irene Dunne is allergic to tobacco smoke and all others agreed Dorn's abstinence improved the smoky situation. In real life he quit smoking a year ago under doctor's orders.

THEATRE DIRECTORY

SHOWING TODAY
QUEEN'S—Mildred Pierce.
KING'S—Rainbow Island.
LEE—I See a Dark Stranger.
ALHAMBRA—Mildred Pierce.
CENTRAL—Riders of Death Valley.
NEXT CHANGE
QUEEN'S—Hattie's Castle.
LEE—It Happened Tomorrow.
CENTRAL—Lie! Come the Co-eds.
ALHAMBRA—Here Come the Co-eds.

FROM SUICIDE TO SUCCESS



JOAN CRAWFORD, who has a powerful part in "Mildred Pierce," now at the Queen's and Alhambra Theatres, won an Academy Award for her acting in this picture. Above she is seen with Zachary Scott, who plays a good-for-nothing that nearly causes ruin for her and her daughter.

Lee Theatre

ADVANCE BOOKING OFFICE

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, QUEEN'S ROAD, CENTRAL
BOOKING HOURS: 11.00 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Daily

LAST 4 SHOWS TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.15 & 9.30 P.M.
(PLEASE NOTE THE CHANGE OF TIME)



DEBORAH KERR
TREVOR HOWARD

"I SEE A DARK STRANGER"
ALIAS "THE ADVENTURESS"
TO-MORROW

Linda DARNELL · Dick POWELL · Jack OAKIE
"IT HAPPENED TO-MORROW"
A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE

CENTRAL
THEATRE

5 SHOWS TO-DAY
AT 12.30, 2.30, 5.15, 7.15 & 9.15 P.M.

FIRST EPISODE

A MILLION-DOLLAR SUPER-SERIAL!

With a million-dollar cast of dare-devils... in the super-s Serial of all time...
DICK FORAH LEO BUCK CARRILLO JONES CHARLES BICKFORD
LOH CHAREY, JR. NOAH BERRY, JR. BIG BOY WILLIAMS JEANNE KELLY MONTE BLUE
RIDERS OF DEATH VALLEY

SHOWING TO-DAY
MAJESTIC

At 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.20 p.m.

ROMANTIC DRAMA
IN A NEW "CLASSIE" ADVENTURE!
SON OF LASSIE
IN TECHNICOLOR
PETER LAWFORD
DONALD CRISP

SHOWING TO-DAY
Catlow

At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

THE PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING NOVEL OF 1944,
NOW BECOMES THE GREATEST PICTURE OF 1947!

"A BELL FOR ADANO"
Starring GENE TIERNEY · John HODIAK
Directed by HENRY KING
OPENING TO-MORROW

Tangled
Maria MONTZ · Robert PAIGE · SABU
Preston FOSTER · Louise ALLBRITTON

YOUR RADIO LISTENING FOR THE NEXT WEEKEND IN DECEMBER—HONGKONG TELEGRAPH

Novel Series Of Programmes From ZBW Starts Tonight

Radio Adaptation Of British Films

A novel series of programmes from ZBW starts tonight with the first presentation of "London Playhouse." The programmes are radio transcriptions of notable British films, the casts comprising the players who actually appear in the film version.

Initial presentation tonight is "Odd Man Out," one of the most discussed of all post-war British films. It has received high praise in the United States and elsewhere in the world. Starring are James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan, but equally notable are performances by Robert Bentay, W. G. Fay, Fay Compton, F. J. McCormick and William Hartnell.

Briefly, the story tells of eight hours' agony of mind and body of Johnny, leader of an Irish illegal political organisation. The setting is Belfast. Johnny, having planned and led a robbery to get funds for the "organisation," is mortally wounded and kills a man during his getaway. Desorted by his panic-stricken confederates when he falls from the car in which they are escaping, Johnny is relentlessly tracked by the police. From that moment the hunted man holds breathless interest as he stumbles through streets and alleyways trying to find a place to hide. The suspense of this journey as he blunders into one danger after another, meeting with people who would help him through pity and others who would help for the price of his head, cannot be described.

Beautifully cast, too, is Kathleen (Kathleen Ryan), the girl who loves him, and who sacrifices her own life to prove it.

"Odd Man Out" is on the air from ZBW at 8.30 tonight, and is a half-hour show, "London Playhouse," of which this is the first presentation, is to be a regular Saturday night feature for some weeks to come.



James Mason, British film actor, who stars in the radio adaptation of the notable film, "Odd Man Out," which will be heard from ZBW tonight.



12.30 Daily Programme Summary.
12.32 Ken Mac And His Band.
12.43 Connie Boswell (Vocal).
1.00 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.10 ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE.
1.13 Herbert Memories.
1.23 Vocal Interlude.
1.33 Allen Roth Orchestra.
2.00 Close Down.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

SUNDAY, AUGUST 24

6.00 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
6.15 RICHARD TAUBER PROGRAMME. The celebrated singer, composer, and conductor in a weekly half-hour of music with the Melachrino Orchestra, conducted by George Melachrino. Guest artist: Victor Goodman. At the piano, Percy Kahn.

7.15 WEEKLY NEWSLETTER.
7.15 IN A SENTIMENTAL MOOD. With Herbert Lom and his Players.

7.30 SUNDAY PAPER. A summary from St. Mary's Church, Nelson, conducted by the Rev. A. F. Ward.

8.00 THE NEWS.

8.15 MICHAEL MILES IN "RADIO FORGETS".

8.45 THE MOINTON IN "MEET THE REV".

8.50 FROM TODAY'S PAPER.

8.55 SWEET SERENADE.

With Peter Yorke and his Concert Orchestra.

9.00 THE NEWS.

10.15 JEAN METCALF THANKS YOU FOR YOUR LETTERS.

10.30 NEW RECORDS.

10.45 SUNDAY NEWS IN "GRACIAS WORKING PARTY".

With Richard Valery and his Concert Orchestra and the worker-entertainers of Great Britain. At the piano, Sidney Crooke.

12.00 MIDNIGHT RADIO NEWSHEET.

12.35 Haydn Symphony No. 92 in G Major ("The Oxford").

1st movement—Adagio; 2nd movement—Allegro; 3rd movement—Menuetto (Allegro) and Trio; 4th movement—Presto—Orchestra de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire, Conductor: Georges Dreyfous.

10.00 LONDON RELAY—NEWS.

10.10 WEATHER REPORT.

10.11 CATHARET (RECORDED PHONOGRAPH).

Goodbye Blues—Quelkaten (Johnson).

Laure—Slow Fox-trot (Haskins)—Victor Silvester and His Ballroom Orchestra.

Goodbye Blues—Quelkaten (Johnson).

Goodbye Blues—Quelk

You remember him -by his boots!

IT'S some time since we did any history in this column, and I thought we might dig up something about the Duke of Wellington.

They are opening an exhibition of his relics at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, so I went along for a preview. Most of the things on show are presents made to the duke after his battles, and you'll notice, right away how whining a war paid better dividends than that it does now.

In one of the first showcases you come to is the centre piece of a table set that was given to the duke by the Portuguese. It cost them a quarter of a million pounds to make it, so goodness knows what it's worth now.

In another case are two things that look like giant silver candlesticks and are really oil-burning candelabra. They are more than 4ft. high and so heavy that it takes three men to lift each one. These are just a part of the present given to Wellington after Waterloo by the merchants and bankers of London. They also gave him a shield of gold and silver that is 3ft. 4ins. across.

Gifts of plate

IN the R.A.F. I was told that it was against King's Regulations to make presentations to your senior officers, but there were no such inhibitions in Wellington's army. His junior officers gave him silver plate worth tens of thousands of pounds.

And pictures! Wellington won a collection of old Dutch and Spanish masters worth a fortune. They came from the Spanish royal galleries and were found abandoned in the luggage of Napoleon's brother after the Battle of Vitoria in 1813.

When the duke asked if he should return them the Spanish Ambassador wrote that his king, "touched by your delicacy, does not wish to deprive you of that which came into your possession by means as just as they were honourable."

Nowadays if you come back from the wars with so much as a Jerry camera and a pair of binoculars you've got to have a better story than that, or the M.P.s will take them away from you.

SIDE GLANCES



IT'S FUN
FINDING OUT
by BERNARD
WICKSTEED



ME—AND WELLINGTON

As for decorations, the duke had more of them than Goering. He had at least 17 orders of one thing or another; he was a prince of the Netherlands, a Spanish duke and a Portuguese count.

He was also C.-in-C. of the British Army, captain-general of the Spanish and a marshal of Burea, Austria, France, Prussia, Portugal and the Netherlands. If there'd been an

order of the Portuguese count,

he would have had 18.

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EVERY SATURDAY

WOMANSENSE

FULL-PAGE FEATURE

2,000 To See Royal Wedding

By CYNTHIA LOWRY

ONLY about 2,000 hand-picked guests will witness the November 20 wedding of Princess Elizabeth, Heir Apparent to the throne of England, but it will be a national holiday and sentimental spree for millions in many parts of the world.

Austerity is out, temporarily, by popular demand, and the wedding will be the most colourful spectacle in the Empire's recent history. It may not be as lavish as her parents' Silver Coronation because Great Britain is in a tough financial position, but as Royal weddings go, there hasn't been anything like it for 107 years, when the bride's great-great grandmother, Queen Victoria, married Prince Albert, the bridegroom's great-great grandfather.

The ceremony will be held at 11.30 a.m. in Westminster Abbey, the religious heart of the Empire and symbol of the motherland's common faith in the Anglican church.

Abbey Marriages

The bride's parents were married in the Abbey in 1923, when George VI was Albert, Duke of York, and the Queen was a commoner, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. Elizabeth's aunt, the Princess Mary, married Viscount Lascelles in the ancient building in 1922.

The last Royal wedding was in 1934 when George, Duke of Kent, and uncle of Princess Elizabeth, married Princess Marina of Greece, first cousin of the bridegroom, the former Prince of Greece, now Lieutenant Mountbatten of the Royal Navy.

Except that public interest will be even greater, the wedding of the Princess Elizabeth will follow closely the pattern set by that of her late uncle to the pretty Greek princess and will be in "high society" manner.

The lucky 2,000 who will be present in the Abbey, transformed from a memorial to Britain's great into an auditorium, will be chosen from the world's top drawer.

Guest List Select

What is left of acceptable foreign royalty will attend—for most of them are related to the bride or bridegroom. So will many heads of the great nations, the years of the Empire and the cream of the diplomatic corps.

Whether the wedding company will be as brilliant as that of George and Marina remains to be seen, for war and moths have demolished many of the ermine-trimmed robes of the peers. Clothing rations will prevent much splashy buying of new gowns or uniforms.

But most of the heart-warming pomp and circumstance will be loaded on as a morale-builder and good show for the millions who must remain outside the Abbey.

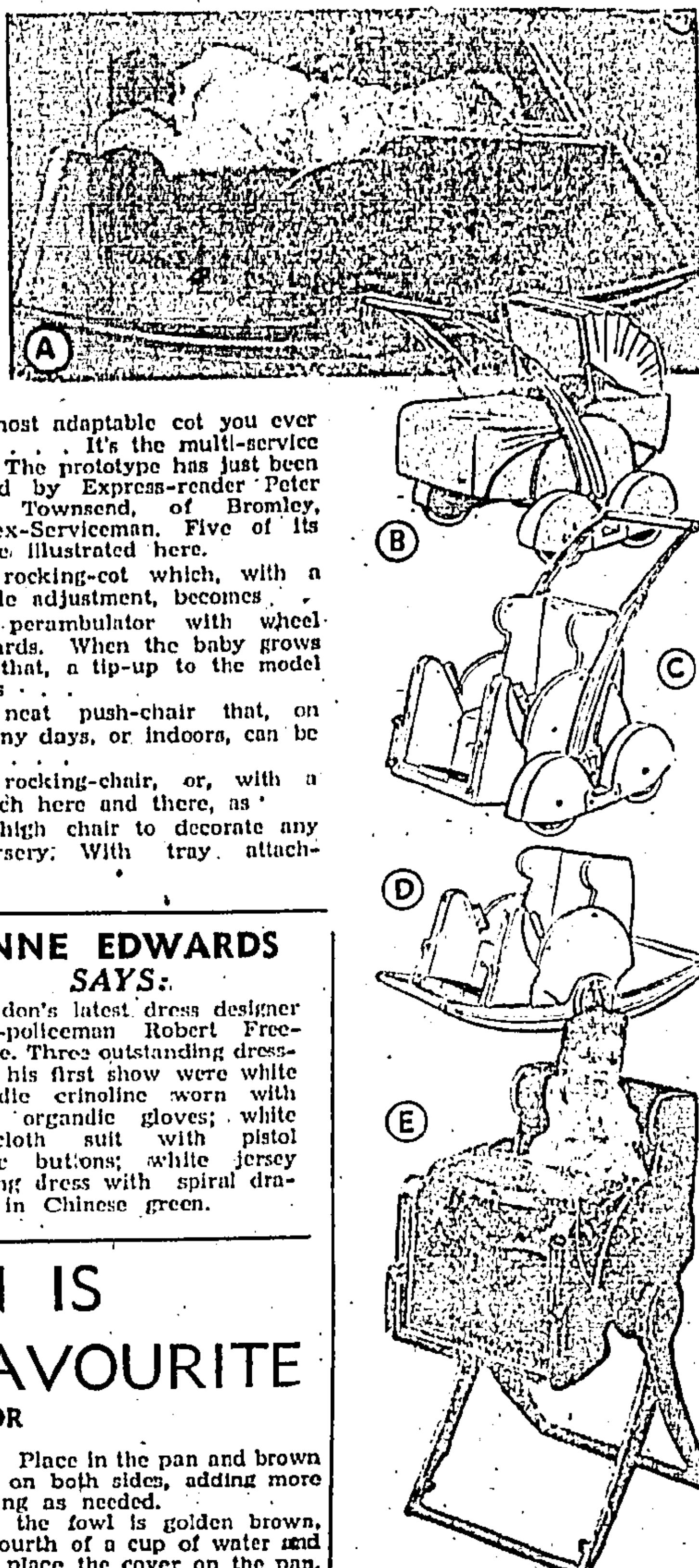
Undoubtedly the busiest man in the United Kingdom in the next few months will be King George's Earl Marshal, the young Duke of Norfolk, who actually was the "producer" of the Coronation spectacle. His is the responsibility for all royal functions, down to the last detail.

Days in advance workmen will put up flags and bunting along the route the wedding party will travel between Buckingham Palace, the royal residence and the Abbey. Special lines will be set up so that news reporters and radio broadcasters can



Cambridge
COMPANY LIMITED
1947

NEW BABY COT HAS FOUR OTHER USES



ANNE EDWARDS SAYS:

London's latest dress designer is ex-policewoman Robert Fremantle. Three outstanding dresses at his first show were white organdie crinoline worn with white organdie gloves; white face-cloth suit with pistol plastic buttons; white jersey evening dress with spiral draping in Chinese green.

FRIED CHICKEN IS AMERICAN FAVOURITE

By DIXIE TAYLOR

THE typical American dinner which we suggest today comes from the southern part of the United States. It is built around fried chicken.

Start off with iced tomato juice, said the Colony resident who contributed the recipes. No soup, because your guests will concentrate on the chicken. For the main course serve fried chicken, mashed potatoes or fluffy boiled rice with milk gravy, green beans, buttered carrots, and hot biscuits.

Combination salad would be substituted for the carrots in the South, but the "makings" are not available in the Colony at present.

The question of how to fry chicken prompts many arguments in the United States, but our contributor calls her method "tops."

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ALLOW at least one chicken for two persons. The main problem in Hongkong is to get good chickens since the local product is far less meaty than the American bird. The fowl must be young and plump, or the result will not be juicy, tasty, and tender. Cut the chicken into pieces, following the joints. Wash carefully, sprinkle with salt, and place in the refrigerator for at least three hours.

For cooking use a heavy frying pan, preferably iron. Heat at least two inches of fat in the pan. Roll each piece of chicken in flour with which pepper has been sifted, making sure that each piece gets a heavy

O O O

coating. Place in the pan and brown quickly on both sides, adding more shortening as needed.

When the fowl is golden brown, add a fourth of a cup of water and quickly place the cover on the pan. Steam until it is thoroughly tender. The time varies with the bird, but you must count on an hour for the average Colony chicken. When done, the pieces should be crusty and brown outside and the inner flesh should be ready to fall off the bones.

O O O

To make the gravy, pour off about half the fat in which the chicken was cooked. Do not strain the grease you leave for gravy—the brown cracklings add to the goodness. Mix two tablespoons of flour in a half cup of water and stir until smooth. Add to the grease in the pan, which has been allowed to cool. Mix thoroughly. Slowly pour in two cups of milk, stirring continuously. Return to slow fire and stir until the mixture thickens and comes to a boil. When it has boiled two minutes, it is ready to serve.

Add more milk if the gravy is too thick—and increase the amount of both milk and flour if you are serving more than four.

O O O

Southern Americans say that fried chicken isn't "right" unless it is accompanied by hot biscuit. Here is the recipe for Sour Milk Biscuit used in the Carolinas and Virginia.

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
2 teaspoons salt
1½ teaspoons baking powder
6 tablespoons fat
Sour milk

Sift together the flour, soda, baking powder, and salt. Cut in the shortening with two knives. Add enough sour milk to make a soft dough. Roll out on a floured board until the dough is a half inch thick. Cut into rounds with a biscuit cutter or a small glass. Place in a shallow tin and bake in a hot oven about 10 minutes. Serve hot with butter.

The recipe makes about two dozen biscuits, enough for four to six persons.

O O O

IF you have "enough" chicken, your guests will be ready to omit dessert and go on to coffee. But if you must have a sweet, serve something light, such as fresh pineapple sherbet.

1 cup finely diced fresh pineapple
2/3 cup sugar
1/2 cup golden syrup
2 cups milk
1/4 cup lemon juice

Combine pineapple with half the sugar and simmer five minutes. Cool. Mix the remainder of the sugar with the milk and syrup and pour into a freezing tray. Set the refrigerator at its coldest point and freeze to a mush. Remove to a chilled bowl and beat until smooth. Fold in the pineapple and lemon juice; return to the tray, and freeze.

This recipe serves four to six persons. If you substitute canned pineapple, drain the fruit thoroughly, cut down on the sugar, and omit the cooking.

W.V.S. Is Active In Hongkong

IF a British soldier, sailor, or airman stationed in Hongkong is puzzled about shopping, about sending parcels home, or about entertainment, he knows where to turn.

He looks for "the girls in green" volunteers of the WVS whose job it is to look after the welfare of the Services. And he finds the "answer" girls, whether he is at a remote outpost in the New Territories or in the centre of town.

The Women's Volunteer Service, far from disbanding after the world-wide fighting ceased, is as busy as ever—in the Colony and in other parts of the globe where British uniforms are found. The organisation is smaller than during the war, but it is still active and its members continue to play an important part in the lives of the other ranks."

Hongkong has 10 WVS girls, all from the United Kingdom, and three more are stationed at the NAAFI leave centre in Macao. Little known to the civilian population, the volunteers work through NAAFI, handling matters as varied as the interests of troops.

SHOPPING SERVICE

They organise entertainment, dances, concerts, and competitions at the various NAAFI centres. They go shopping with the men, helping them purchase anything from a dress length to a special gift for a wife's anniversary.

Each one must be a walking information bureau, for questions are likely to come up anywhere the uniform appears. In addition, the group operates information bureaus at the Colony's recreation centres.

Their "say it with flowers" service, one of the more popular WVS services everywhere, assures the man away from home that the bouquet he wants delivered to his girl friend or mother will arrive on the right date.

They make regular visits to the forces in the New Territories. This work and the mobile canteens sent to outposts give many men their only opportunity to talk with a British woman. If a serviceman wants a shopping guide, they are ready to accompany and help him.

DANCING POPULAR

One WVS member spends all her time teaching dancing and piano at the Union Jack Club, and her "pupils" give her few idle moments.

Dancing is popular with the forces, but it isn't always easy for WVS leaders to round up enough women for partners. Any woman willing to help with the dances is asked to get in touch with WVS headquarters, which are in the NAAFI office in Exchange Building.

Working in shifts, the girls are on duty in Hongkong and Kowloon from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily. Those on day shift run mobile canteens and information desks, do visiting and handle shopping problems. The night shift is responsible for entertainment. Shifts are changed regularly so that activities always are varied.

Girls joining WVS for overseas service sign up for 18 months, but many serve longer. They are trained in the United Kingdom and are volunteers, receiving only expenses for the work. Their uniform is green and carries on its pocket the civil defence insignia and the name of the county from which the worker comes.

The 16 stationed here live in two messes, one in Hongkong and another in Kowloon.

Full Skirts Popular

Following his skirt lengths, the general Paris silhouette—rounded shoulders, tight waist and full skirt—was also evident in his collection. One exception to the tight waist was an almond-green ensemble for cocktail, with a long jacket almost to the knees in stove-pipe shape, garnished at the bottom and cuffs with red clox. The skirt underneath was full and plumed.

In keeping with the new feminine trend, Rochas used much lace in tucks and ruffles to soften the silhouette.

One dress of grey corduroy velvet had a border of white English lace around the wide collar and was trimmed with lace at the cuffs of the three-quarter sleeves.

Two-piece cocktail dresses, mostly in black, revealed a sunburst effect when the short jacket was removed. One of these was a full-skirted black lace model with a long-sleeved bolero of black satin. The halter top was pale sky-blue satin.

Rochas also presented a collection of chiffon gowns in pale autumn shades. Many had chiffon sleeves draped over the shoulders like long Empire sleeves, bordered in lace of the same colour. Tops were fuzzy with tucks and lace inserts.—United Press.

This Foreign Legion safari hat was outstanding at the British Millinery Exhibition. It is in fox-glove blue felt, trimmed with deep violet velvet and black veiling.



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HISTORY OF A DECADE

man's most significant decade. He says that the four-volume edition will be unique because it will have been written by the persons most important in the events described while they were fresh in mind.

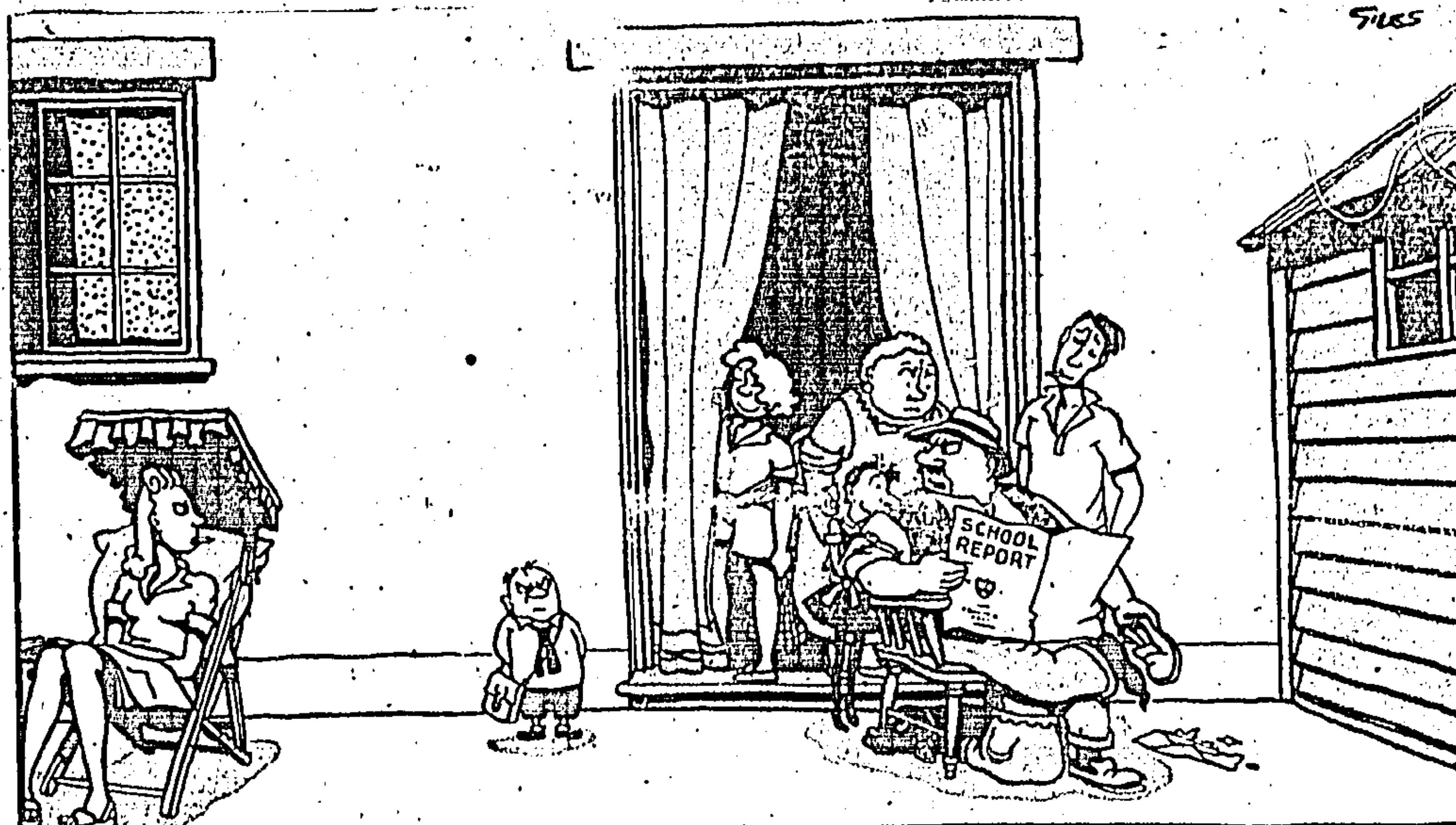
Some contributors and their topics: Secretary of State George C. Marshall on the result of World War II; Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt on the life of the late president; Chiang Kai-shek on China; Arch Oboler on radio, and Ellis Arnall, former governor of Georgia, on the Ku Klux Klan.

CHANGE

Men rise and fall: they live; they die,
And are forgot; innumerable hearts
That now are dust have played the
burning parts.
To which our own are throbbing: you and I
Go swiftly through those ancient roles
again ...
Is it not strange to think this love of
ours,
Now ripe with all a passion's glowing
powers.
Shall pass entirely from the minds of men?

'Tis like a gem no wealth could ever gauge,
A thing of wondrous beauty, lost at sea
In sands unfathomed, where the billow's rage
Buries it ever deeper, 'thence to be
Something that dazzled in a bygone age,
Then passed beyond the sphere of
memory.

T. W. NATHAN



CLAUD MULLINS

PEOPLE get very excited when discussing corporal punishment. Some men regard the argument as conclusive that they were beaten by their fathers or masters at school, and have, they think, benefited from the experience.

In fact, this argument is not relevant. Beatings by parents and schoolmasters are utterly different from beatings by policemen or prison officers. Why?

When a child is smacked, or even beaten, by a parent, the child knows it, thinks about the matter at all, that the parent is doing this because he or she thinks it good for the child. In normal cases the parent loves the child and the child knows it.

When a boy is beaten at school, again he knows that the master cares for his interests, and that he thinks that a beating will do him good.

In both cases the punishment follows quickly on the offence and is given by someone who is playing a big part in the child's life.

BUT none of this happens when corporal punishment is inflicted at the order of courts.

If a children's court orders a boy to be beaten, the beating has to take place "as soon as practicable." But first the child usually has to be examined by a doctor, so that the "propriety" and the "severity" of the punishment may be tested. This may cause some delay. Then the parent has a right to appeal to Quarter Sessions against the sentence. He is allowed 14 days to do this and if he does appeal, weeks or even months may elapse before the appeal is heard.

Far from the beating being given by someone who is known to care for the boy's interests, it is given by a police constable whom the boy may never have seen. Other constables usually hold the boy's hands, and perhaps his feet, too.

FOR floggings in prison, the man is strapped to a "triangle." The prison officer who does the flogging is not seen by the offender. Much care is taken about this.

It is the rule that a prisoner who is flogged can be, if he wishes, excused work for the rest of the day. On one of my visits to prisons, the Governor told me that there is in fact an extraordinary difference in the way men take floggings. Some cry their hearts out and are miserable in their cells for days. Others ask to go back to work soon after the flogging is over. The judge who orders the cat cannot possibly know how the prisoner will take his flogging. Only an experienced psychologist could make a reasonable prediction about that.

BY THE WAY
by Beachcomber

IT is said that many people are taking to snuff. An M.P. has announced that it "leads to efficiency," whatever that may mean. You might as well say that smoking leads to integration.

Years ago Mr Robert Lynd gave me my first pinch of snuff. When I complained that it only made me sneeze, somebody said: "That is the whole point of it." Yet I noticed that Mr Lynd did not sneeze, and obviously the eighteenth century bucks could not have carried off that supercilious glance, followed by a drawled insult, if they had been sneezing all the time. In, now, my dear ershroopoo sir, I shoo shall be croo vnooots shooobeeed if shooocooocoos you will remove your shronooself from my erasashor presence.

Musical interlude

THE breaking of the F key-spring of a flute the other day during a concert reminded me of an incident which occurred when Mr Gerald Barry, that eminent flautist, was playing before the Mayor of Wolverhampton. Just as he was about to begin an arrangement of "Pirli-Pirli-Pirli" made by Dr Arthur Westfall, there was a loud squeak from the flute. And when Mr Barry

blew down it, suspecting an obstruction, out came a tiny mouse. "How on earth could that have got in there?" asked the Mayor. "It must have been put there, like a ship into a bottle," replied the flautist. The mayor laughed merrily, and the concert began.

A duel behind Romano's

HOPE actresses and critics read of the French actress who challenged a critic to a duel. When I was a boy these affairs were settled in the early morning on a small lawn behind Romano's. It was there that A. B. Walkley and Mrs Langtry fought with lobster-claws, until the seconds, Henry Darr and Marlo Studholme, intervened.

Constructive criticism

EAR Sir, Why could not the proposed Bankside power-station be a replica of St Paul's, so as not to clash with the original? Alternately, could not St Paul's be very carefully moved to some other site? My niece, who is married to an electrician, says that he once suggested this to an architect, when it was a question of chimneys near a railway. But nothing was done.

Yours faithfully, Bertha H. Truslove.

Twice now
I've lost
my sight—

TOE the gods and I have diced for my eyes. And twice I have won. I look across Falmouth Bay, and Pendennis Head stands out of the water—a little dimer, but firm and bold in the sunshine.

The lighthouse across the Carrick Roads will wink back at me—18 seconds alight and five seconds darkness, I used to make it.

And I know now, for the second time in the last five years, that the sight I had lost is back again. Those who have known this experience will tell you that it is a moment of great joy, but one of great calm. The drama of it is all for other people.

Few people understand blindness. We fear it and push it away from our thinking.

People with sight tend to the belief that blind people are odd men out in a world that pauses for a moment to give them pity or sympathy.

In Germany or Denmark, and many of the other European countries, you will see them wandering about wearing the badge of their oddity—a yellow armlet with ugly black rings on it. That yellow armlet is, in fact, the badge of misplaced sympathy—the insidious bug that rots away a disabled man's desire to be independent.

I know that, if other people will let him, the blind man can lead as full, happy and self-supporting a life as anyone else.

It was an overdose of sympathy that nearly overwhelmed me into throwing all my independence into other people's hands. And there were always professional sympathisers, waiting with hands apart like avaricious wicketkeepers, for anything that came their way.

Let me give you an example, one you will all recognise. A newly blind friend of mine is walking down the street. He is finding that he can hear the direction in which people are walking, the speed at which they are coming or going away.

He finds that he can tell the difference between a bus and a car, maybe even the make of car. He can smell whether it is gas or petrol driven. He becomes sensitive to the wall on his side, knows when there is an opening in it.

Help that harms

BUT along comes a charming young lady and the rot has set in. My friend has no need to find his own way any more. Someone else is going to do it for him. The whittling away of his desire to become an independent man has begun. The next thing to go will be his desire to work. And, finally, the desire to think—and, with that, happiness.

The girl gets a warm glow of satisfaction, which she ought to find a little difficult to analyse.

WHAT HAS IT
TAUGHT ME?
by Vincent Evans

When I first came out of hospital and was told that my dwindling sight would soon be gone, I had the names of five types of people crossed out of my address book:

1. The people who wrote and told me of some man, quack or otherwise, who would quite certainly be able to give me back my sight. They were the people who raised false hopes and delayed the moment when I would face facts.

2. The people who told me they thought I was wonderful. They were the people who might eventually convince me that I was.

3. The people who were jealous of my blindness and who would say: "He can see enough when he wants to." They were the people to whom I tried to prove that I was more disabled than I really was, and in doing so I became more disabled.

4. The sympathisers who tried to run my life, instead of letting me do it for myself—professional good men and women.

5. Those who commanded me to God and then sat back on their benches. They were the people about whom Paul wrote several of his epistles.

Friends I chose

THE people whose company I sought were those who demanded more from me than I thought I was able to give.

I sought the company of the man who walked beside me and only helped me when it became urgent; those whose sympathy had a practical turn, and those who had a cheerful voice.

The second thing I did was to strike a profit and loss account. I wanted to find out how socially solvent I was. Losses first.

The biggest item on either side is the loss of the ability to read and write. It is partially offset by braille, a limited and depressing asset. And there is the typewriter, which a blind man can use with rather more precision than the seeing one.

The second is the loss of freedom—freedom to climb a hill and drink in everything you can see.

I know nothing to offset this loss, for other people's descriptions are like irritating reminiscences.

The third is that of companionship. For there is in blindness an isolation that seeing people cannot realise.

If you see a man you know on the other side of the street, you dodge through the traffic and off you go together for a coffee or a drink. But not so the blind person. He must wait for the man on the other side of the street to see him. And, if the other man is a bore, he cannot avoid him.

Frustration

THE other losses I would head under "Sundries"—the irritation of not being able to move about as quickly as other people, of not being able to ride a bicycle or play cricket, the frustration of not knowing whether the girl opposite you in the tube is smiling or not.

and
won it back
each time. . .WHAT HAS IT
TAUGHT ME?

by Vincent Evans

GUILDS OF THE CITY OF LONDON: NO. 6

THE SKINNERS'
COMPANY

By BARRY PEAK

THE Skinners' Company—the Guild or Fraternity of Corpus Christi—received its first Royal Charter from Edward III in 1327. As one of the 12 chief Guilds of the City of London, the Company has the unusual honour of ranking alternately sixth and seventh in order of civic precedence with the Merchant Taylors' Company.

Many famous men are Honorary Freemen of the Company. One of the most famous to be honoured by the Company is Field Marshal the Rt. Hon. Jan Christian Smuts, of the Union of South Africa. Other famous men who have been made Honorary Freemen of the Company include Viscount Ullswater, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, Field Marshal Lord Ironside, who was educated at Tonbridge School, the Rt. Hon. Viscount Alanbrooke, formerly Chief of the Imperial General Staff, the Rt. Hon. Viscount Portal of Hungerford, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Skinners' Hall, like so many other London buildings, suffered badly in World War II in the blitz of 1941 and from "flying bombs" in 1944. However, the Company is fortunate in retaining part of its ancient Hall. It is interesting to record that only four Clerks have held office since 1823. Records show that Kensi was Clerk to the company from 1626 to 1678. Draper from 1678 to 1911 and Lambert from 1911 to 1941. It appears that Clerks enjoy a long life in the service of the Company, and it is hoped that the new Clerk, a barrister-at-law, will continue to keep a legal and fatherly eye on his flock for many years to come.

No matter what has happened in the history of England throughout the centuries, the Guilds of the City of London have continued their unbroken service to mankind. It is the City Companies such as the Skinners' that have given the City of London its traditional dignity.

NEXT WEEKS
The Merchant Taylors3 Adults
Imprisoned
In Bedroom

Police found two men and a woman, nearly dead from starvation, imprisoned in a bedroom of a Minneapolis boarding house.

They are Martin Anderson, 42, his brother Clarence, 38, and his sister Violet, 35.

Police held for questioning Mrs Bertha Anderson, 72, who described them as "my children."

Hospital doctors said the three were emaciated and unable to answer questions.

Acting on neighbours' suspicions of "something funny" in the Anderson house, detectives discovered Martin confined in a chicken-wire cage in a first-floor bedroom.

Clarence was tied to a dirty bed with his wrists bound by leather handcuffs.

Violet was in a bed with a sack covering her head.

There were no sanitary facilities.

Violet struggled against the police, shouting: "Mama, don't let them take me."

The others were unable to speak coherently.

Police are searching for five other children in the family to obtain information.

The tenants on the ground floor were unaware of conditions in the upstairs rooms.

They described Mrs Anderson as "the perfect lady" and a religious woman who played hymns on the organ.

DAVID LANGDON CARTOON



DRAMAS OF SCOTLAND YARD

How the slippiest burglar was caught

When clues failed a detective's hunch did the trick

by Ex-Supt. T. B. THOMPSON

late of the 'Big Five'

IMAGINATION plays a much bigger part in the detection of criminals than is popularly supposed. I have achieved some of my best results by following "hunches."

Some men would not have been caught at all if I had not relied on intuition to anticipate the next move of a criminal and so trap him by "following in front."

Much has been written about the career and capture of "Flannelfoot," the burglar who baffled the Yard for nearly 20 years, but I have never told the story of how the bed-time tale of a little girl gave me the vital clue in tracking him, how a sudden "hunch" of mine prevented his last-minute escape.

His 1,000 "jobs"

I WAS a chief inspector when I was put in charge of the case. There was little to go on; the record of nearly 1,000 burglaries and the strong suspicion that "Flannelfoot" was a man named Henry Edward Vickers.

Henry Vickers had deserted his wife, taken his 11-year-old daughter with him, and completely disappeared. So confident was he that on one occasion—and this is an inside secret of the Yard told for the first time—he rang us up and told us that we could have a rest as "Flannelfoot" was going on holiday.

He did, and we had a rest. But "Flannelfoot" was not above taking a busman's holiday and he paid for his rest from London by doing several jobs on the south coast!

Chat with girl

EARLY in 1936 "Flannelfoot's" daughter was found suffering from loss of memory.

She could not give any useful description of the woman who was living with her father, and she did not know the address where she had been living with them both.

Then her mother claimed her, took her home to a country town near London.

I went to the address, found the girl in the house alone, and had a quiet chat with her.

There was little I could gain by direct questioning. I knew that, and did not worry the girl.

But I asked her about the stories that "auntie" used to tell her at bed-time: among the familiar legends and fairy tales there were vague mentions of "another little girl like me, with golden hair, only she has a limp."

"Oh, yes, and auntie told me once that when she was young she used to stand on the roadside near her home and watch the King and Queen drive down to Sandringham."

Two clues. Vague enough. A golden-haired girl with a limp and 100 miles of road between London and Sandringham. But they were something to work on.

Formal inquiries by the local police yielded no results. I went down to Norfolk myself and began a long, slow search.

At last, after many weeks, I found, in the eastern counties, the golden-haired girl who had been lame from birth.

She was in service at a country house, and I learned that her aunt from London made occasional visits to see her.

Now, "Flannelfoot" was a burglar who preyed on the working classes. His usual night for operations was Friday, his field of action the kitchens of small suburban houses, his target the householder's weekly wage packet.

When I told this to a few selected people in the neighbourhood, and emphasised that I was out for "Flannelfoot" alone and had nothing against the golden-haired girl or her aunt, I obtained willing observers.

I returned to London and waited for news. After months of waiting, it came. I heard that the aunt was on a visit to the same girl and was returning immediately to London by motor-coach.

With the message came a description of her appearance. Some colleagues thought I was over-cautious when I sent one detective to join the coach and shadow her to town, another to the motor-coach terminus, and then with a colleague went myself in a car to intercept the coach en route.

"Flannelfoot" beat my shadower on to a tube train, but the detective had heard him book to Ruislip. My driver jammed his foot down, and we raced that train to Ruislip by a bare minute.

We picked up "Flannelfoot" again, lost him in the darkness, recovered him almost at once, and finally caught him, just after he had finished a burglary.

His arrest and his sentence to five years' penal servitude in December 1937—just five years before his death—were sensational news.

If he took a tube, "Flannelfoot" would hang about on the platform until the moving doors began to close, and would then slide between them at the last second, leaving his shadower helpless on the platform.

To keep watch on "Flannelfoot" I invented the chain shadow system which has been extensively used since. I had a team of seven, three women and four men, continually on duty.

Four of them cruised round the nearby streets in a car. The three watchers followed each other in the chain. No. 1 tailed "Flannelfoot." No. 2 tailed No. 1, and No. 3 followed on.

When "Flannelfoot" doubled back to catch my No. 1, the detective strolled quietly by him and did not even look round.

No. 2 took up the shadowing, one of the detectives in the car got out to become the new No. 3, and the old No. 1 picked up the car on its next trip.

Thus the shadowers were continually changing, and "Flannelfoot" never had that instinctive feeling of being watched which has saved many crooks from arrest.

Inquiries at Cardiff yielded information that there was a clever young artist there, who could draw at parts excellent imitations of banknotes, but there was nothing to implicate him.

I kept a map showing the areas of circulation of forgeries, and later I found that similar bad notes were turning up in Wiltshire.

One of my hunches led me to make further inquiries of the Cardiff police, and they told us that their artist acquaintance had left South Wales for a village near Swindon.

I visited the village and found that he was living in a row of cottages surrounded by open fields.

Amidst the tattered remains of terror throughout the earth, overthrow every form of human freedom, destroy Church and State, and revert to medieval despotism. To accomplish this their leaders had raised and trained a generation for human slaughter. Mankind was to lose everything it had gained through seventy centuries of human progress. Every race, nationality, and creed was to be subjected to a paganistic system of slavery. The rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were to be abolished."

General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of Allied Expeditionary Forces, stated shortly after the end of the war: "The keynote of the success of the Allied Forces was unity of thought." The General went on to say that the keynote of a successful peace would be team-work and unity of purpose among the free nations of the world.

Admiral Nimitz referred in seething terms to Germany's degenerate barbarism and to Japan's savage conquest and brutal rule.

Dr Francis T. Miller, in discussing "Causes and Results of World War II" states: "Documentary evidence proves irrefutably that the Axis powers threatened to set up a reign of terror throughout the world."

Today, the Japanese are fawning and cringing in their defeat. They will cut off the hand of MacArthur as long as the whip is in evidence. Give them but a chance, and the Far East will again reverberate to the whining of their shells, the crashing of their bombs, and the raping and torturing by their inhuman species.

Recently we have heard it expressed that business men have not been given immediate opportunity to return to Japan. Once again the pursuit of money offers a pleasant antidote to the nausea which afflicted humanity when the horrors of Nanking, the gas chambers, and the Japanese torturing, were told to the world. Shall we never learn?

Paris Conference

MARSHALL

Paris Conference

PARIS

PAR

••SPORTS FEATURES••

Iron Curtain Lifted On Soviet Sport

NEW "BOGEYMAN" ARISES

(By RECORDER)

A few days ago the iron curtain on sport in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics lifted suddenly with a Moscow despatch to the effect that the All-Union athlete, Alexander Pugachevsky, had set a new record for the 3,000 metres steeplechase with a 9 minutes, 10 seconds performance.

Similar to English surnames, most Russian surnames can be literally translated. Rendered into its nearest English equivalent, Pugachevsky would mean "Bogeyman." His performance over the 3,000 metres steeplechase, a standard Olympic event, would very nearly guarantee him a place in the first six in London should the Russians decide to compete.

Efforts to bring the Russians into the Olympic Games have so far even involved unofficial British diplomatic missions. Lord Burghley, an important figure in British, European and World athletics recently went to Russia to watch the All-Union Games and to discuss amateurism with the All-Sports Soviet.

CASH PRESENTS

The Russians have a way of presenting nice cash presents from the State for a new record. The system, not yet tried in other countries, seems to work. Every now and then some husky Slav bounces over his head a heavier collection of hardware than anyone short of a Turk has ever managed. He then gets a big cheque to spend in the All-Union co-operative stores.

Russian efforts toward new records have not, however, been limited to weight-lifting performances. The Russians have finally got down to all sports. They have produced some of the world's best footballers, basketballers, breast-stroke swimmers, wrestlers and feminine hardware-heavers.

Jiggs's famed Maggie couldn't throw a rolling-in a fraction of a distance as far as did some of the Soviet lassies at discus or at Javelin at the European Games at Oslo last year.

At Oslo also, the Russians did not do too badly in the male section of the European Games. They placed a sprinter named Karakulov first in the 200 metres in 21.6 seconds. They bagged second place in the pole vault through Osolin, second place in the shot put through Gorjalov and second in the decathlon through Sergei Kuznetsov.

While quite a few Soviet athletes competed at Oslo, quite a few others did not. Presumably they had not managed a Stakhanovite red flag over their machines in the factory or were six months behind schedule in getting their once-corporate strike.

FORMIDABLE NAMES

American Olympic-dopers have been taking a peep behind the iron curtain and have unearthed some other formidable names in Soviet athletics. Bigger bogeymen than Pugachevsky, we hear, are a formidable behemoth named Lipp in the shot put who pushes the iron ball away in disgust to a mark of some 65 feet and a hop-step-jumper named Zambrimbors who romps over 60 feet in unassisted leaps.

Soviet athletes go back to the late 1920s. Bring very the people or, alternately, just the Soviets for the sake of being different. The Soviets for some years staged All-Union championships in the 300 metre, 600-metre, 1,000 metre and other assorted distances usually of the standard European running event distance. Thus, they began setting world records in events that the athletes of other countries seldom attempted.

It is an interesting practice. The writer of this article, a mediocre long-jumper, holds the world record for the hop, step and double jump and the hop, double step and jump. At any rate he has yet to see any mention anywhere of a record surpassing his own.

Some time in the early thirties, however, the Russians decided that they would try a little international competition. They took on the Finns and, though they lost the dual meet, scored an imposing number of points.

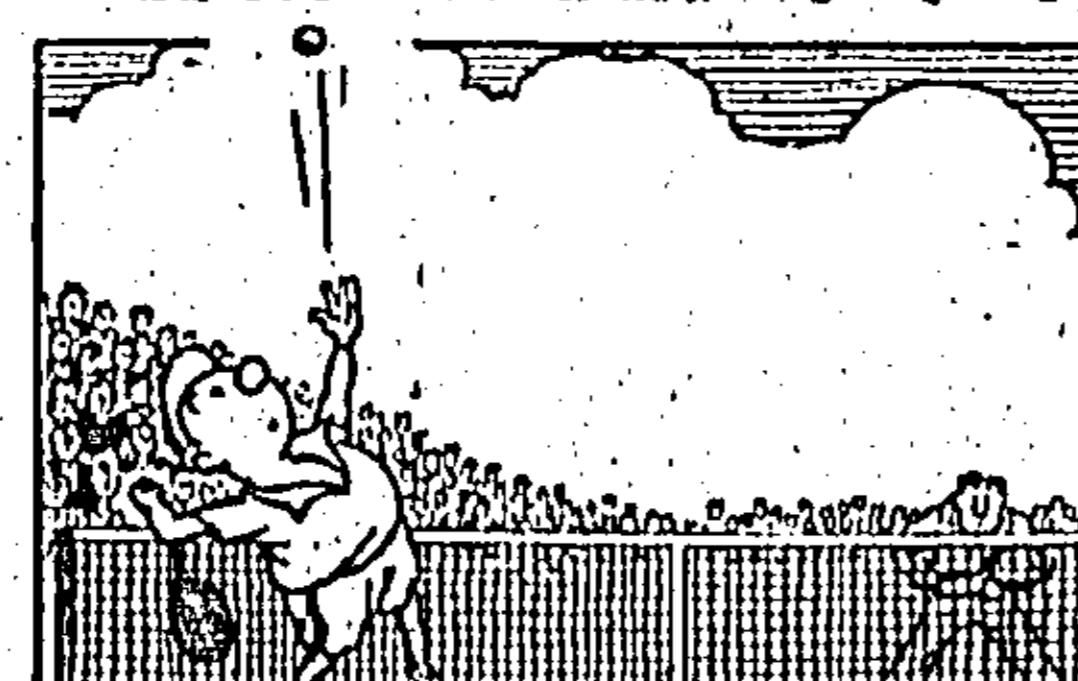
FEATS-ACKNOWLEDGED

From the mid-thirties Russian performances began finding their way into the annual lists of the best 10 European performances in standard athletic events compiled by Mr Harold M. Abrahams in the Sunday Times.

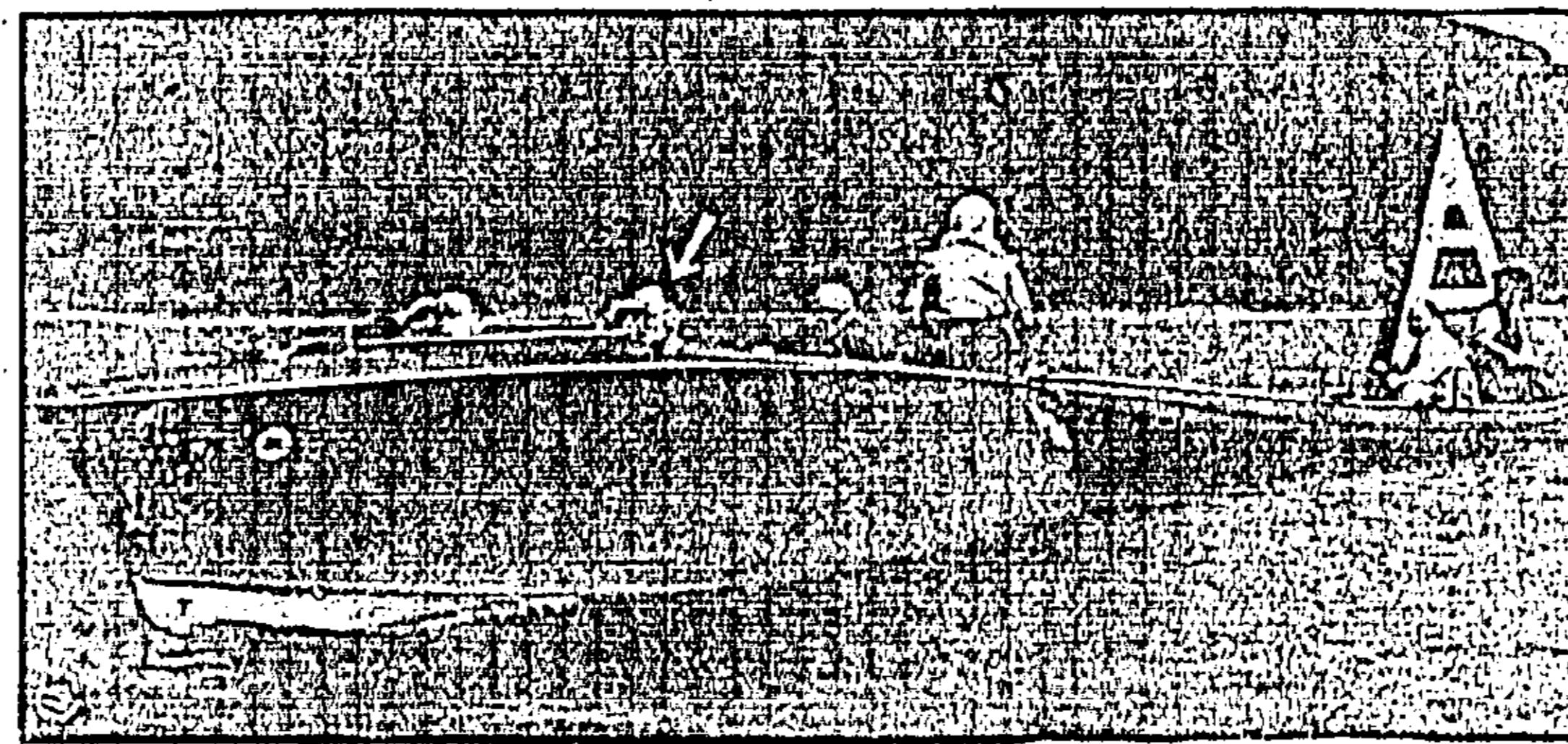
First Russian to break in was a 400-metre runner named Ljulko, who negotiated the distance in 49.9 seconds. Then a 100 sprinter named



SPORTING SAM



CAMPBELL MARKS SPEED COURSE



British Tennis Slumps Again

(By PAUL IRWIN)

On the evidence of our latest international lawn tennis defeat, Great Britain's selectors have no foresight, no policy, and a very poor idea of the way to put our players back on the Davis Cup map.

Our tennis stock has never been lower. That's admitted. But it came out pretty clearly in the Scarborough match against South Africa that we failed to make best use of the material available.

Donald Butler lost the key singles to Busta Fannin on the first day through an attack of cramp. Rank bad luck? Perhaps, but I think there is good reason why Butler's physical condition, always so sound in other years, let him down.

He played little top-flight tennis since the autumn, and had been given no real line by the L.T.A. chiefs that he might even be considered for this season's team.

I cannot read Butler's mind. Yet I think it pretty safe to assume that he believed he was well among the Russians copped also the heavyweight, light-heavyweight and middleweight titles, placed second in the lightweight and third in the welterweight. Wrestling happens also to be one of Europe's most popular sporting pastimes.

The Russians have yet to produce a contender for Wimbledon. At Berlin, occasionally, some American officers invite some Soviet officers around for a spot of tennis. The Russians, they report, wallop the ball everywhere but where it scores a point and puzzle over why the first two points are worth 15 and the subsequent two 10. It takes a lot to get down to the bottom of capitalism.

My World of Sport... By PAUL IRWIN

90,000,000 See This Game Every Year

Although basketball is one of the Cinderella sports in England, America attendance figures show that it draws nearly 90,000,000 customers a year—and 90,000,000 people can't be wrong.

The average American won't look at any game lacking colour, thrills and speed. He wants action all the time, and basketball supplies it in a very big way.

It is for this reason that a top-class match at New York's famous Madison-square Garden can pull 10,000 spectators through the turnstiles on the worst winter's night.

Yet what do we find at home? The handful of British basketball players—certainly not more than 5,000—are written off as circum-puff performers by the prejudiced sport.

MISTAKEN IDEA

I know why. There is a mistaken idea that the game is only netball masquerading under another name, and netball is one of those affairs we associate with sweet, young things in gym tunics and the sound of shrill girlish laughter.

Thus, while 22 nations sent basketball teams to the 1936 Olympics, Great Britain's players were right out of the Berlin argument through lack of encouragement. The situation has not changed much in the last 11 years, although the Amateur Basketball Association of England and Wales plans to be represented at the Wembley Games next year.

Not that our team will have any sort of winning chance. The Americans are a lot too strong for that, while the Continentals, who have discovered basketball, is a game for the men, can probably beat us as they like.

They soon got the right slant on the sport following American missionary work.

As the game came out of obscurity at Springfield, Mass., where Dr James Naismith first slung up a couple of peach baskets and invented basketball in 1891, they saw it had everything—pace, court craft and drama.

Really, you have to see a couple of crack American "lights" in action before you are won over.

Then, as the boys go through a routine that beats ice-hockey by a distance, you know the game is a long, long way from being netball.

The job must be given to those who know Davis Cup tennis from experience on the court, not the sidelines. Neither Fred Stowe, with more than 20 years' service on the L.T.A. Council, nor any one of the selectors has this experience.

Let's call in Pat Hughes, who has a record of 22 Davis Cup appearances, to advise on the doubles pairings.

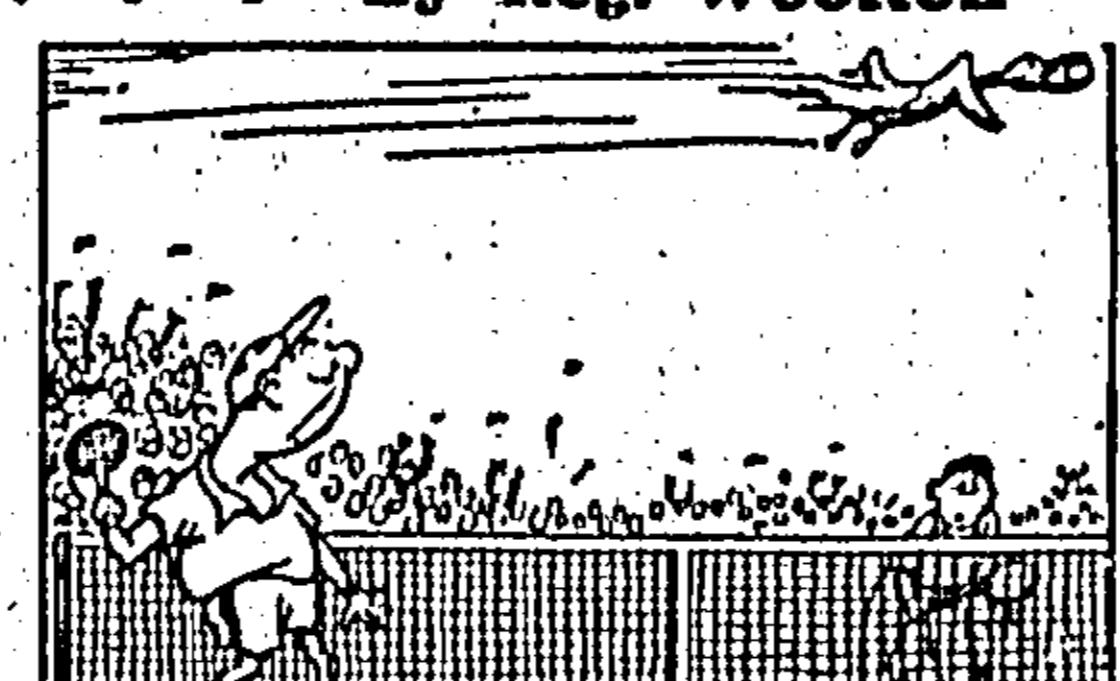
Or there is Harold Lee, a magnificent hard-court player, on hand to help in the singles.

Another set of ancients—both Royal and Ancient—get no medals for their cavalier treatment of Norman von Nida, the little Australian golfer, at St. Andrews.

Others on view included Denis Hewitt, 6 ft. 3½ ins., and still growing at the age of 16—and Alex Ede, a former Ralph Reader "Gang Show" boy, who is a mere 5 ft. 11½ ins.

(Continued in Next Column)

By Reg. Wootton



Why Do British Horses Lose?

SUPERIOR FRENCH TRAINING

(By JAMES PARK)

What is lacking in the British thoroughbred today? The question has been asked often enough, ever since Souverain ran away from our Derby and St Leger winner, Airborne, in the King George VI Stakes at Ascot last autumn. It was repeated after Imprudence had won the 1,000 Guineas and Oaks and reached a climax when Pearl Diver spread eagle the field in the Derby.

Just by way of rubbing it in Chanteur brought off a double at Hurst Park and outclassed our older horses in the Coronation Cup.

The rot really set in at the beginning of the war. In 1939 Jobel—not even eligible for admission to the English Stud Book—came over to win our juvenile classic, the Middle Park Stakes. The following year he won the 2,000 Guineas quite easily. There is little doubt he would have won the Derby—but by that time the Germans had invaded France and he was unable to come over.

RATION CARDS

So far as breeding and training is concerned we have only one excuse. It is the rationing that has been imposed by the Minister of Food. He has laid it down that every form of thoroughbred horse or mare must be rationed. Horses have ration cards, the same as we have.

Instead of giving brood mares and horses in training what they require to provide the necessary vitamins, their quota of oats has been cut down to less than half.

It is difficult to find out what has happened in France. When in occupation the Germans encouraged racing which took place much more regularly than in this country.

Feeding-stuffs were said to be scarce but, from what I have been told, there was always the black market. The time came when on the racecourse number boards in information was put up indicating which horses had been fed with oats and those who had been less fortunate. That was killed when in one race the only horse who had not been fed with oats proved too good for the opposition.

TRAINING

Apart altogether from this question of feeding they hold different views in France on how the thoroughbred should be brought up and how racing should be conducted. Their horses are trained differently from ours.

Here we have the sort bred from siring stallions who come early to hand. They are trained to jump out of the gate and go as fast as they can for five furlongs.

Those days have gone when a small clique at St. Andrews could rule golf without considering the growth of the game beyond the boundaries of the Old course.

Rules are rules, but it is rank courtesy to a visiting golfer—or any golfer—to keep him so long in ignorance of the penalty for his "crime."

Or don't pros count at St. Andrews?

THIS GAME THRILLS

It has taken Rugby-netball, played on Clapham and Wandsworth Commons by a league of eight teams, nearly 47 years to get anything like the publicity it deserves.

The game, combining the best features of netball, Soccer, Rugby and hockey, is just about the fastest thing there is after ice-hockey.

There is no offside, passes (with a Rugby ball) can be made at any angle, and the teams of ten side play in plimsolls or lacrosse boots.

Tackling between shoulder and knee is allowed.

It is time for a change. If the Old Gang won't stop aside gracefully to let young men run the show, then they should be sacked.

The job must be given to those who know Davis Cup tennis from experience on the court, not the sidelines. Neither Fred Stowe, with more than 20 years' service on the L.T.A. Council, nor any one of the selectors has this experience.

Let's call in Pat Hughes, who has a record of 22 Davis Cup appearances, to advise on the doubles pairings.

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(Continued in Next Column)

appearance as a two-year-old was in a mile race, which he won.

FAR ENOUGH?

Our trainers will not do that sort of thing. They think six furlongs is as far as a high class two-year-old should be asked to travel.

The same policy is adopted for three-year-olds. In the first half of the season there are numerous poules. They are the trials for the classic races and usually about a mile to a mile and a quarter. But by the time the Derby arrives the non-stayers have to content themselves with smaller prizes. All the more valuable events are for stayers.

There is no wrapping them up in cotton wool with only an occasional race. French horses run much more frequently than ours.

They also believe in keeping their horses in training until they are five or six years old, whereas in Britain it has too often been the case of refusing to risk damaging a horse to the stud at the end of his second season.

HARDY RACE

In that way French breeders have the knowledge when horses go to the stud, that they have been able to stand up to the racket of racing. In our case that evidence has often been lacking.

France set out to breed a hardy race of horses. It cannot be denied that she has succeeded. It is up to us to copy French methods.

We will have the blood. Give us the rations and let breeders do the rest. We already have two French stallions in Prince Chevalier and Chanteur. If we have to import a few more, all the better. We can't go on as we are doing if we are to maintain our position in the world of thoroughbred breeding.

There is also our export trade. Those French successes are bound to be recognised in every part of the world and we can't afford to sit still and do nothing about it.

Arthur Peall says:

STRIKER wanted 10 points to win when faced by the levers shown at spot end of diagram. Blue, pink, and black offer a break of 10. Striker is on the right. He is to pocket the ball when pocketing that ball. To clear the board, make the break object ball.

PINK offers a break shot on pink when faced by the levers shown at spot end of diagram. Nothing depends on correct strength and accurate ball striking. No side is required—it is a plain ball break.

Centre of table shows a middle-pocket in-off white of a ball often used in the law of the pocket. Avoid this common cause of failure by playing a confident stroke with top but no side on cut-ball.

Gilman & Company Ltd.

extend you a cordial invitation to visit a

Motor Show

at their newly decorated Showrooms

132, Nathan Road, Kowloon

on

Friday, August 22nd from 4.00 p.m. onwards.

and continuing on August 23rd, 24th and 25th

A comprehensive range of postwar models will be on display and a film entitled "Progress" depicting the activities of the Rootes Group will be shown during the evening.

Are You Sure?

Answers on Page 10

1. In the U.S. July 4 is celebrated as the anniversary of—

Boston Tea Party, adoption by Congress of the Declaration of Independence, abolition of slavery, Lincoln's birthday?

2. If you were a student of pantomoly you would learn about—

Tinkards, rivers, Grecian urns, archaeology, pantomime?

3. Which organisations' mottoes are these—“Blood and Fire,” “Be Prepared,” “Fight the Good Fight”?

4. What is the name of this State? Its capital is the clue.



5. You would expect to find a popping crease on a cricket field—

In line with the stumps, on square-leg's trousers, four feet in front of either wicket, at a hatch in the pavilion?

6. In which waters is the Gulf of St Vincent—Portuguese, Australian, West Indian?

7. These three famous men had the same name—Wellington's right-hand man of Waterloo; inventor of the penny postage; preacher, and hymn-writer?

8. At a parliamentary election would you be wasting your time if you canvassed—Peers, aliens, lunatics, constituents?

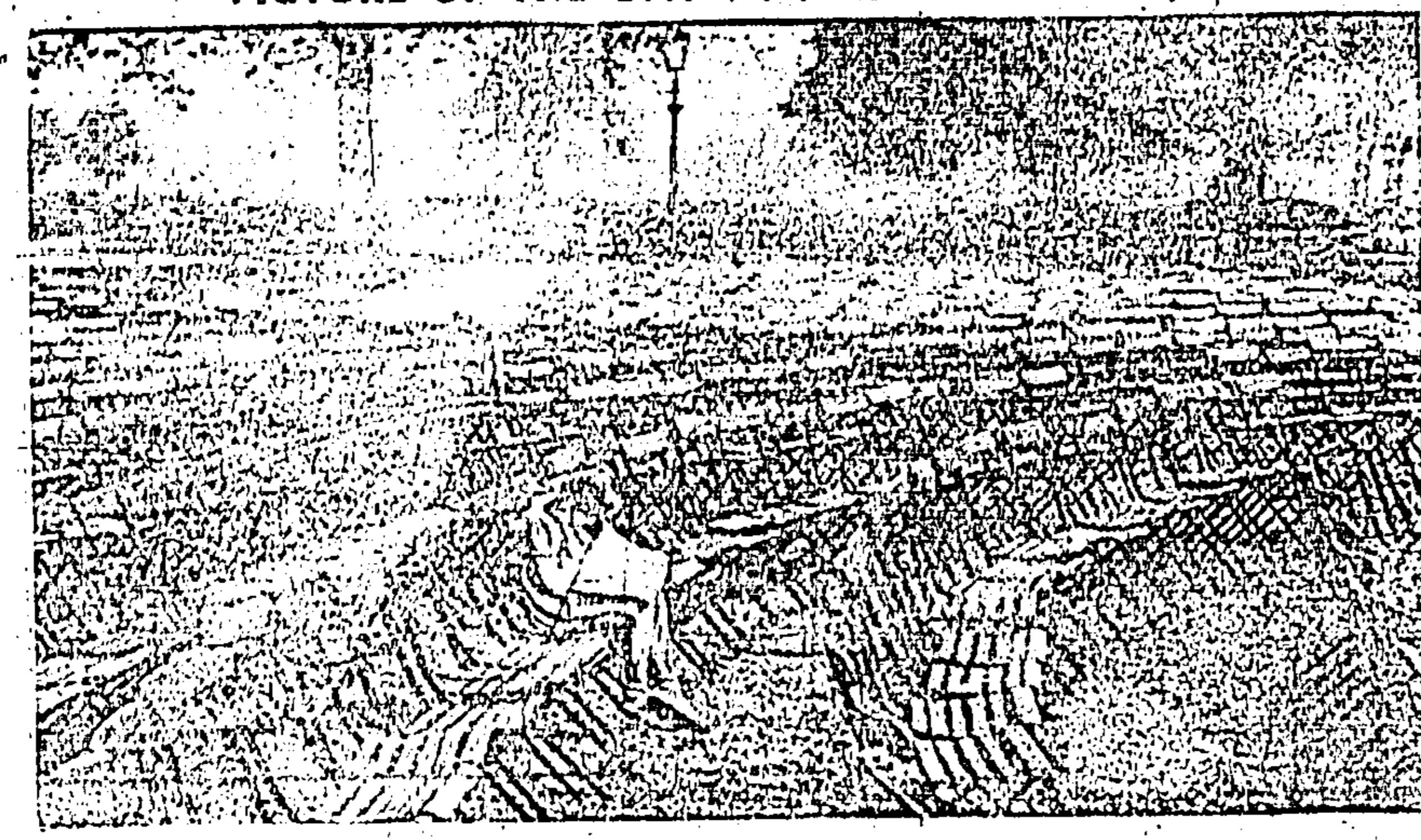
9. Which of these creatures is blind? Owl, mole, bat?

10. If a Red Indian handed you a calumet you would—Smoke it, hang it round your neck, drop it and run, drink it.

FISH AND CHIPS IN BED

Australian war-bride Sonja Adelson, 26, was granted a divorce in San Francisco from Morris Adelson, warehouse worker, on the grounds that he ate, among other things, potato chips and salmon in bed.

Mrs Adelson told the court she would return to Australia after the birth of her expected baby.



A fine photographic study made on a clear summer's day in London.

Geologists Engaged In Greatest Mineral Hunt

With packfuls of fanciful gadgets that would amaze last century's prospectors, geologists today are engaged in the greatest mineral hunt since the California gold rush of 1849.

On every continent, not excluding the frozen Antarctic and the concealed “sub-continent” of Greenland, 20th century rock hunters are seeking the greatest lodes of all time—deposits of uranium, thorium, carnotite, and other radioactive ores the possession of which alone will assure a nation's place in the sun for the foreseeable future.

Not only the wilderness, but also the settled areas of Europe, Asia and America are being probed for the all-important ores. The major advantage the radioactivity searcher has over the old-time gold hunter is that he does not have to see the ore to know that the mineral is present.

From aeroplanes flying at 2,000 feet or higher above the earth “Gelger counters,” or mechanical devices which record radioactivity, can tell whether beneath the innocent-looking surface below there will be found uranium or its priceless cousins. With Gelger counters it may eventually be possible to prospect the floors of the oceans themselves.

What are the minerals which are being sought so avidly?

Uranium comes from pitchblende and the yellow mineral, carnotite, usually found in sandstone. It was first found in 1789. It is white and can be worked. It is very hard, but not as hard as steel. Water will tarnish it; it can be burned and, most important, it is radioactive.

Thorium is the most common of the “rare earths,” and it is found on every continent, but usually not in paying quantities. It is used commonly to make gas mantles for lamps. The United States recently prohibited the export of mantles made of thorium. It is white, very heavy, will burn in the open air, and can be dissolved in strong acids.

It is found most commonly with monazite, a common mineral, in India and Australia.

Carnotite, named after the French physician who discovered it, is used as an ore. From it is extracted uranium.

THE RUSH

The peculiarly shaped atomic cloud had scarcely risen over the blistered ruins of Hiroshima when the rush for the world's uranium began. It is not an uncommon mineral. The uranium content of the earth's crust is about 0.004 percent by weight, which does not sound much, until one realises that the weight of the crust is considerable.

Uranium is more common than bismuth, silver, mercury or iodine and it is about 1,000 times more prevalent than gold.

The British physicist, M. L. Oliphant, on a recent tour of Australia, said the known deposits of uranium were enough to supply current power needs for 100 years.

An Atomic Scientists' Association booklet said: “No method of producing fissionable material without use

of uranium is known or is in sight at present.” But Oliphant predicted that by the time uranium gave out, other elements, probably including nitrogen, would be used.

The largest known deposit of uranium is in the Belgian Congo, an enormously rich African colony which lies in the Dark Continent in a position comparable to the stomach in a man. Its naval opens on the west coast between French Equatorial Africa and Portuguese West Africa, neither of which contains comparable riches. Geologists estimate the Congo holds 60 to 70 percent of the world's supply of uranium.

The second richest site is at Great Bear Lake, in the wild northwest territories of Canada. In this day of trans-polar strategy, Great Bear Lake is in an uncomfortable position, for it would find itself in a potential combat zone in an initial trans-Arctic assault.

Long-known deposits of uranium, most of them in non-workable concentrations, received new attention when atomic bomb facts became known. Other finds were reported almost immediately.

A uranium deposit was found in Cornwall and another in Bohemia.

One find was reported from the interior of British Guiana. Carnotite was located in Portugal and Australia.

Uranium in paying quantities was said officially to have been found near Las Heras, San Luis State, Argentina, and the Argentine Government of President Juan Peron once began angling for Axis nuclear

scientists to go to that South American Republic.

Other deposits of either uranium or thorium are found in greater or lesser richness in Sweden, Norway, Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, and European and Asiatic Russia.

(Continued on Page 10)

TASK FORCE RCP

By A Special Correspondent

London.—The Royal College of Physicians has established a task force to attack a disease from which 300,000 people are likely to suffer in Great Britain alone, a disease of youth about which little is known. The disease is rheumatic fever.

Twenty doctors with Lord Moran at the head are working to establish the tactics and strategy needed to defeat this peace-time enemy. And, as so often, it is quite certain that they cannot succeed unless the general public know what to do to help.

Affects The Heart

Rheumatic fever is quite different from chronic rheumatism, for it is a disease of childhood and not of adults, and, unlike ordinary rheumatism, it is dangerous because it affects the heart.

It is not itself infectious, but it seems to follow very often the presence of certain germs in the throat and nose which are very commonly found and passed from one child to another.

That, indeed, is one of the chief problems of this task force, to find out the connection between these common infectious germs and the serious rheumatic fever, and devise ways of preventing one thing developing into the other.

Once a child has got rheumatic fever the problem is to limit the amount of damage to the heart, and this is largely a question of expert nursing.

Good Housing And Food

No particular kind of child gets rheumatic fever, but it is common where there is overcrowding and bad living, and, where the child's defences are weakest.

There is nothing special about that. We all know by this time that health depends on good housing and good food.

First let us explode a common error. Many children have growing pains—a sort of dull ache between their joints. These should not worry the parent, as they have nothing to do with rheumatic fever.

But if a child looks pale and loses weight without seeming really ill enough to go to bed; and if this child complains of pains in the joints and perhaps limps slightly; and if all this is accompanied by the child getting tired more rapidly than seems reasonable, then the child should be examined by a doctor.

It may be nothing, but it may be the very earliest stage of rheumatic fever, and then much may depend on immediate treatment before the heart gets strained.

OTHER FINDS

The task force dealing with rheumatic fever points out that as the only way to fight it is early diagnosis there must be full understanding of those symptoms, not only by doctors but by school authorities and parents.

Already in some parts of Britain special measures are being taken to watch out for signs of trouble, with the result that fewer children in these places are being handicapped.

But the best weapon is parental knowledge and foresight. That alone will pull down rheumatic fever from its present position of chief cause of death from heart disease for people under 40.

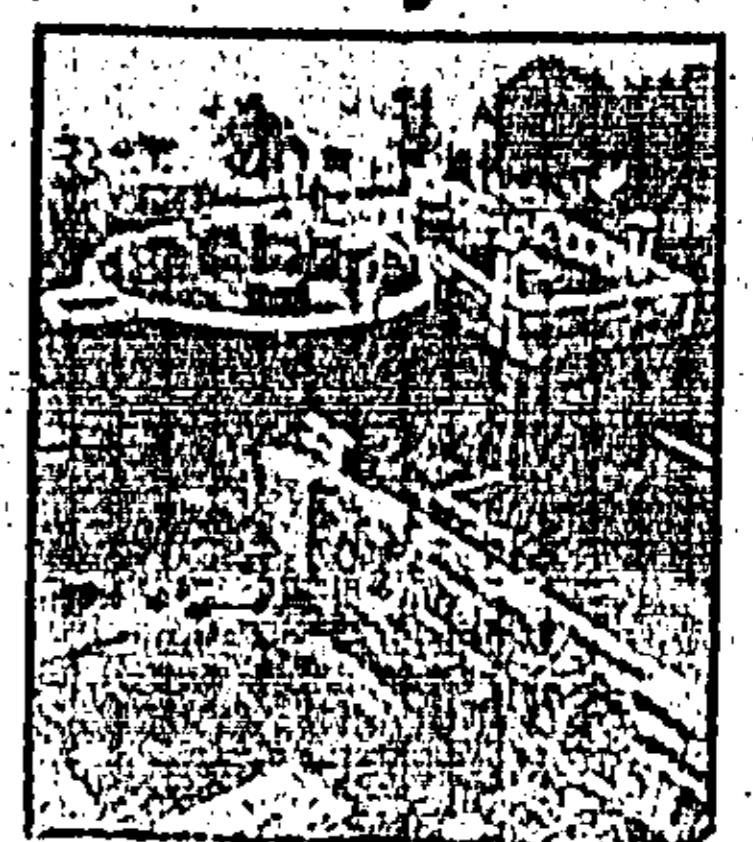
Perhaps the most important point which Lord Moran's committee makes is that children who have had rheumatic fever need something more done for them than a mere cure.

After it comes rehabilitation. It is no use saving a man from death unless you go on and fit him into the pattern of social life.

Blood and another man called Parrot seized the jewels but the old man's son forced his way in and roused the sentinels. After a fierce fight Blood was caught.

But Blood, who had some power over the King, obtained a pardon for himself and his gang, and eventually was given a pension.

Tried to steal crown jewels



In 1671, during the reign of Charles II, an adventurer called Colonel Blood attempted to seize the crown, globe and sceptre in the Tower of London.

Thomas Blood, former Lieutenant in Cromwell's army, had turned Government spy. He had already been mixed up in several plots, including one to seize Dublin Castle and kill the Lord Lieutenant.

FOR his attempt on the crown jewels, Blood had four accomplices. First Blood visited the Tower accompanied by a woman posing as his wife.

While looking at the jewels she feigned illness. She was taken into the house of Edwards, the 80-year-old deputy keeper, and this served as an introduction. Blood soon became friendly with the old man.

Finally he suggested that a nephew of his (who did not exist) should marry the old man's daughter.

He fixed a day for a visit by the nephew and arrived on horseback with his four companions, one of whom impersonated the young man. All of them were armed with swords, daggers and pistols.

While pretending to wait for his wife, Blood asked Edwards to show his friends the jewels. When the door was locked inside—the Tower custom—the old man was gagged and bound and beaten nearly to death.

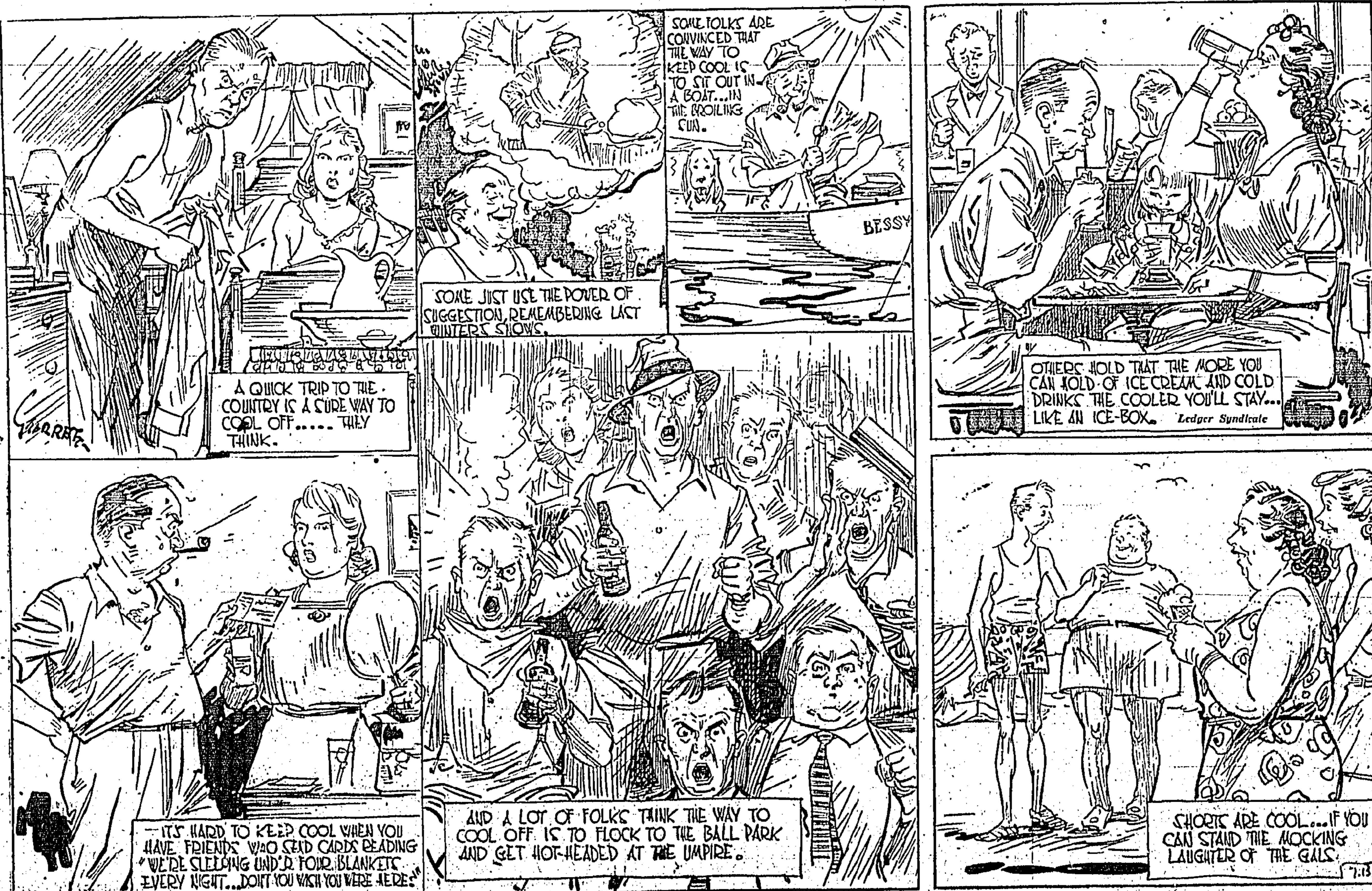
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VIGNETTES OF LIFE

“Cooling-Off Period”

By KEMP STARRETT



SECRET AUSTRALIAN ROCKET RANGE SITE

Adelaide.—A new, secret site has been chosen for Australia's rocket range town, in the northwest of South Australia's "dead heart" country.

Geologists In Mineral Hunt

(Continued from Page 9)

Almost every country which has sizable lots of radioactive minerals has imposed restrictions on their export and made plans for state development. Norway ordered a geological investigation and compilation of "uranium maps," and pronounced state ownership of all deposits.

Comparable steps were taken by other nations. Canada, under its National Research Council, gathered some 350 research workers and, with approval of Britain and the United States, took over the Eldorado Mining and Refining Company at Great Bear Lake. Arrangements were made with the provinces that further uranium deposits found would become the property of the national government. Sweden appointed an Atomic Commission and formed a company in which the government would have a dominant interest.

France has some low-grade uranium ores in the southern part of the country, but depends for most of her material upon Madagascar.

Russia remains the enigma. Since the atom bomb first rocked the world, she has engaged in the most widespread and thorough mineral hunt in recorded times. What has she discovered? Only iron, coal, gold, copper, according to Radio Moscow.

SOVIET EXPERIMENTS

But there are other reports that Soviet scientists are experimenting with medical applications of uranium. Vast appropriations were listed for science in each budget. Russian nuclear scientists have dropped out of the public's notice. Cosmic ray research is being carried on with a new intensity in the USSR. And no one doubts that one of the world's mightiest nations will not rest until it has a weapon equal at least to the weapons other nations possess or could manufacture.

Prof. Oliphant echoed many of his colleagues when he told a radio audience: "Practically any industrial nation the size of Belgium or bigger could learn how to make an atomic bomb in a comparatively short time. If they are willing to devote the effort to it."

Prof. Albert Einstein has repeatedly warned: "It is useless to attempt to prepare for protection against atomic war. There is no defense now and we can expect none."

Most people hope that the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission will arrive at a workable plan to internationalise raw materials before nations, fearing atomic obliteration, seek to assure by violent means their own supplies of the world's most violent substance.

Fortunately, the three Great Powers—the United States, Russia and Britain—each have enough uranium and thorium for the foreseeable future. Until the world's entire mineral resources are found to be "colonial gratis"—to take over a uranium-rich territory and so to eliminate the possibility of another state getting it, seems unlikely.

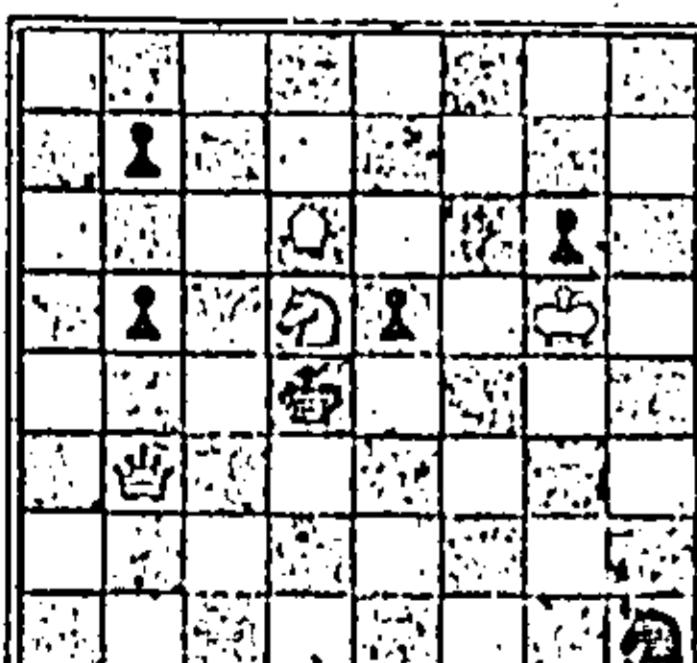
CROSSWORD SOLUTION

Solution of yesterday's puzzle.—Across: 1 and 10 Down: Hamptons Heath; 8, Ample; 9, Arch; 11, Ritual; 13, Cue; 15, Kit; 16, Oyster; 17, Net; 19, Natty; 22, Gnome; 24, Zero; 25, Stars; 26, Eastwards. Down: 1, Harmonize; 2, Amity; 3, Plum; 4, San; 5, Talk; 6, Acute; 10, See; 11, Across; 12, Tasters; 13, Cinema; 14, Teens; 19, Area; 20, Rota; 21, Herd; 22, Got; 23, Ass.

CHESS PROBLEM

By J. PILNACEK

Black, 6 pieces.



ARE YOU SURE?

ANSWERS

Questions on Page 9

- Adoption by Congress of the Declaration of Independence.
- Rivers. Palaeontology is the scientific study of rivers.
3. Salvation Army.
- Boy Scouts. Church Army.
4. Andorra.
5. Four feet in front of wicket.
6. Australasia (south const.).
7. Rowan Hill.
8. Yes.
- None has a vowel.
9. The mole.
10. Smoke it. Chillum is a ceremonial pipe.

Rupert and the Young Imp—52

The story of Rupert's adventure took a turn that the two boys did not expect. They were alone to hear it, so that he grew almost tired of repeating it. Pong-Ping and Lily Duckling and the Rabbit twins are very envious of Bill and Peggie who shared parts of the adventure. Rupert takes them into the orchard where they all play with Uncle Bruno's rackets, but though the shuttlecock often goes into a tree it never again comes down with a young imp inside it.

THE END

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Follow Rupert's new adventure, beginning on Monday in the Telegraph

John Pudney

GUEST BOOK CRITIC

"The Slaves of Solitude," by Patrick Hamilton (Constable, 9s. 6d.)

"His book is about Britain: it evokes lonely aunts—and what are more British, more solitary and more formally intimate, with your conscience than lonely aunts?

What a nagger, though, is this Patrick Hamilton, with his wincing portraits of the drab, the unsuccessful, the half-hearted, the dis-spirited, the mediocre, all those literary bruises which linger in the reader's memory!

The talent of which he is master presents an image in a cracked mirror, a back view of ourselves in a queue, an unflattering profile after an over-enthusiastic encounter with too-weak beer or with over-starched food. Do we want to see this portrait of ourselves, this seamy side of a civilisation which we already find too seamy?

With a less skilful writer, the setting of teedium in a tedious boarding house in a riverside resort in the winter, at a sufficiently drab period of our history when engaged in noble battles, shrouded by black-out and welcoming Americans, would be to invite the reader to share a sorry experience of which altogether too much is known at first hand.

Again, without the skill of Dickens, could be equally sorry and drab.

These scenes of solitude and of timid and spiteful encounters among spinsters of both sexes, however, glow with a bizarre lustre. Here, for example, is a portrait of the described as airmen (well-meaning writers do it to all of us sooner or later).

"Well known to those who knew the river well, and, owing to its position or some obscure tradition, singled out as the rendezvous of the well-to-do in the town itself, it had a style of its own, and to be heard of drinking in there was not altogether the same thing as to be heard of drinking elsewhere. In almost every country town nowadays there is a house, or more than one house, of this sort."

Shall we wince a little and go a few pages on—

"This, about five years ago, had been redecorated by a new proprietor, and in such a startling manner as to give the impression of having been redecorated only yesterday—in fact, it would probably, as numerous saloon lounges all over the country do, bear permanently the stamp of redecoration."

"The house being Elizabethan in origin, a curious aim at an Elizabethan manner had been made in the way of black beams, wooden paneling, uncomfortable black chairs and tables, odd pieces of armour, suspended swords, and most indecipherable Gothic lettering over the doors. But upon this

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one which lies upon the fringes of the experience of all of us, shadowed by an aspidistra or two.

"The Chequer Board," by Nevill Shute, (Heinemann, 9s. 6d.)

This book is about Britain, but another fringe, that familiar, but always partly mysterious life of the small detached villa (15, Hyacinth-avenue), which Shute describes as "a fairy pleasant little house . . . with a small front garden with a cygnus tree and a larger, back one with a lawn and a laburnum tree, and rose bushes."

The hero is a season-ticket holder; and Mr. Shute exhibits him in a tarnished, rather than a cracked, mirror. The fellow is an almost painfully average man, ex-Captain John Turner, who works for Cereal Products, Ltd., a rather shabby, slightly underworld individual, who has his normally suddenly undermined by the doctors giving him a short time to live.

The threat of death causes Turner to shake off his normality, the garments of the average, the clothes of self-interest. He employs the wretched span allotted to him with a disinterested mission, a search for a handful of companions who were with him in an air crash in 1943.

Some of them like him, were making the journey back from Africa to face court-martial charges. The pilot of the crashed Hudson is Turner's main object of inquiry, which takes him off on a journey to post-war Burma, full of realism and topicality.

Mr. Shute's writing, when you get over the first rush of it, is very easy on the eye, as it follows the technique of a competent film. The story marches forward through the hidden fringes of the normal, and out of the suburbs to Burma and back in a series of masterly dissolves, but every detail of realism and actuality is attended to, and it must come as a shock to Mr. Shute, as it did to me, to discover, on page 45, the basic rank of the R.A.F. ranksmen as airmen (well-meaning writers do it to all of us sooner or later).

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It is his laughter you're after, as Mr. Trinder would say, I commend the seduction scene between Rosemary and her ungalloping major, and the heart-to-heart talk between Rosemary's father and flared up about the funniest things in town.

I hope that J. B. Priestley's "Ever Since Paradise" will prosper at the New. Hero at last is a witty, unusual soul in place of the heavy Yorkshire Pudding of the author's Left Wing ponderosities. Here is Priestley the artist instead of Priestley the reformer, even if he is still anxious to show us that he is a bit of a lad.

It was announced from the stage that Mr. Priestley had just become a grandfather, which may account for the rejuvenation that we saw on the stage. Compared to some of his recent efforts, this new production shows our author like

the lively old gentleman in the liver salts advertisement who was always jumping over a stile.

A happy knock endows the story with a character which is slightly greater than life-size. It proves once again how the ordinary, the average, the season-ticket holder sitting next to you can still, in the hands of an expert, furnish the very stuff of literature.

THE HUCKSTERS, by

Frederic Wakeman. (The Falcon Press, 12s. 6d.)

THIS book is about America, and it also portrays one of the curious fringes of the scene. Not a physically grimy side this, but a chromium plated, air-conditioned, dressed-to-kill, slicked-up, groomed fringe which is American commercial radio.

The story threads its way through that almost incredible back stage which is hidden from so many of us by the Great American Smile. Mr. Frederic Wakeman leaves the reader in no doubt about the setting of the story.

...and New York, more than any other place on earth, claimed him. This morning there was a faint, but good feeling of being home again, and he savoured those luxurious signs of home which, even in wartime, had not disappeared from this part of the city; his part of the city, the high rent, expensive, snobbish, hustling, gossipping, drinking, conniving bar, and a modern green carpet with whom's who on one

in mind of seasickness?"

"Just up the road from this lush scene dwelt the paraphernalia of solitude and meanness, created by Patrick Hamilton with all the weapons of sensibility, humour and irony. It is a British underworld, not; I hasten to add, criminal, but

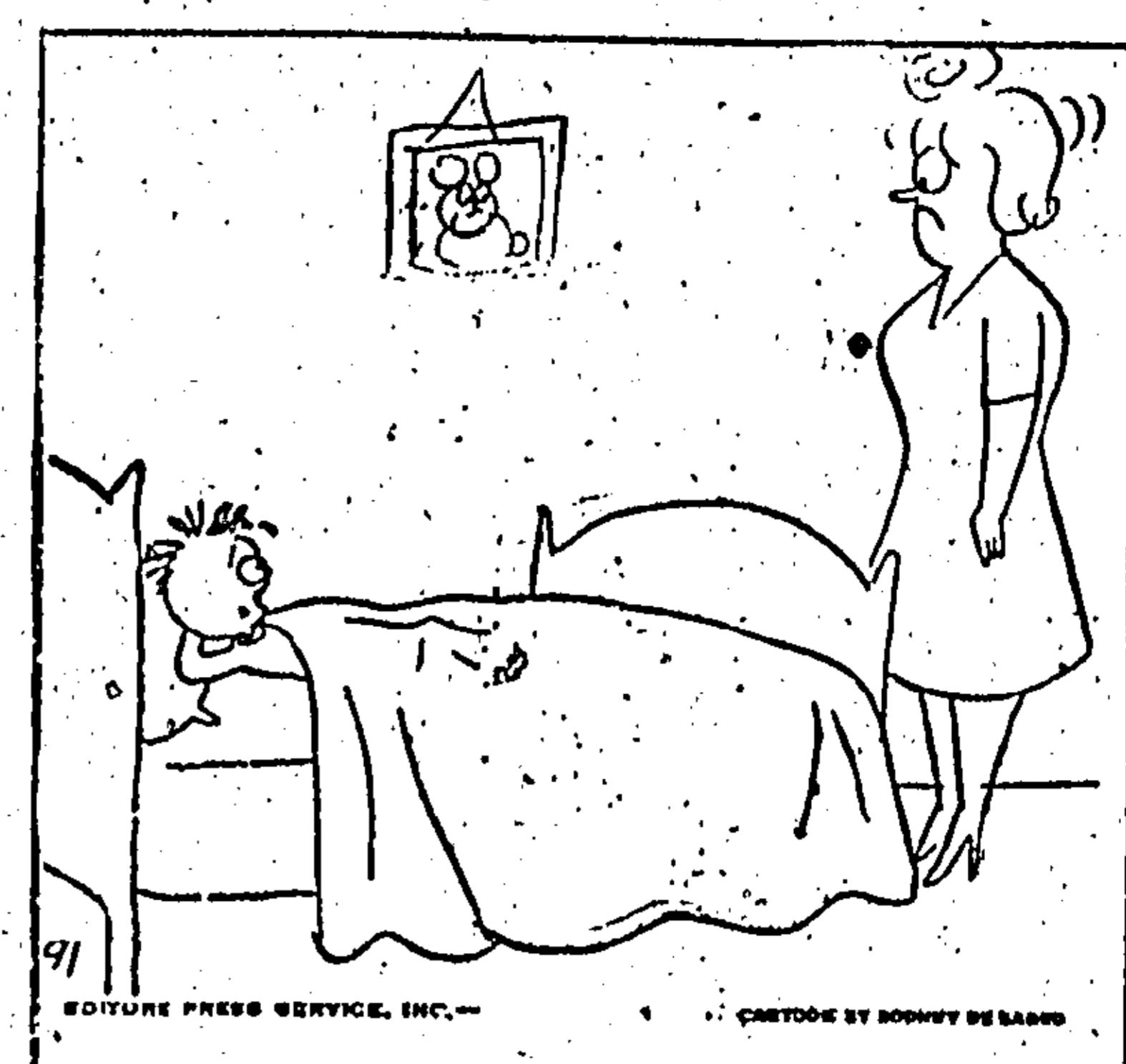
more upon the American air.

"The doorman still looked deferential and tip-hungry, the women still wore nylons, and walked little dogs."

My Oxford dictionary tells me that "huckster" is a "pedlar, hawker, mercenary person," and of course the background of this story is the mighty hawking of American commerce.

"The doorman still looked

deferential and tip-hungry, the women still wore nylons, and walked little dogs."



JESTS AND JEERS

It is so cold in Russia that the only thing that enjoys good circulation is propaganda.

A good line is the shortest distance between two dates.

A clever man tells a woman he understands her; a stupid one tries to prove it.

Neatly engraved card displayed in a Hollywood jewellery store bore this inscription: "Wedding Ring For Hire."

Overheard at the cocktail party: "He hasn't proposed yet, but his voice has an engagement ring to it."

Then there was the clever card that ate cheese and breathed down the rat hole with baited breath.

Wives should remember that when a husband's words appear sharp, it may be because it's from trying to get them in edgeways.

She was an innocent appearing wide-eyed girl as she sat in the witness stand explaining it was all wrong that she had been driving without licence, disobeying traffic signals and speeding.

Even the bearded Judge took a fatherly interest in her and decided to be lenient.

"Now, my dear," he said, "I'm inclined to believe you, but I want to make sure. Do you know what happens to people who tell lies in court?"

"Yes, your worship. My lawyer told me all about it."

"What did he tell you would happen if you told a lie?"

"Well, he said we might win the case."

TRAINING IN ATOMIC ENERGY

A training school for boys and girls of 15 years and over is to be opened this month by the Ministry of Supply at the Government Atomic Energy Factory at Springfield, near Preston, England.

The training school will give boys and girls, who have studied chemistry at school, a three-months' course in the chemical methods to be used at the factory. On the successful completion of the course, students will be given appointments on the factory staff.

Springfields will be used for the manufacture of uranium metal. The processes to be carried out there will consist of the refining of pitchblende concentrates, reduction to metal and the machining and finishing of uranium metal rods which will be sent elsewhere for insertion in a chain-reacting pile.

Boys and girls who are taking chemistry as one of their subjects in their school leaving examinations will be invited to take part in the work at Springfield.

Analytical Work

It is pointed out that the programme for the production of atomic energy involves a great deal of chemical analytical work, especially in connection with the chemical examination of raw materials and finished products to be used in the energy producing units. Although the analytical methods are numerous, complicated and often novel, a great deal of valuable assistance can be given by young persons if they are properly trained and work under expert supervision.

In chemical analytical work, the most stringent medical precautions will be taken to avoid any hazard to the health of the workers.

The young assistants will be encouraged to take courses in fundamental science and subjects designed to qualify them for the more responsible duties of the assistant class or for promotion to the experimental officer class. Permanent appointments will eventually be filled by open competition. It is anticipated that about 40 students will attend each of the two courses to be held this year.

Robert Tredinnick.

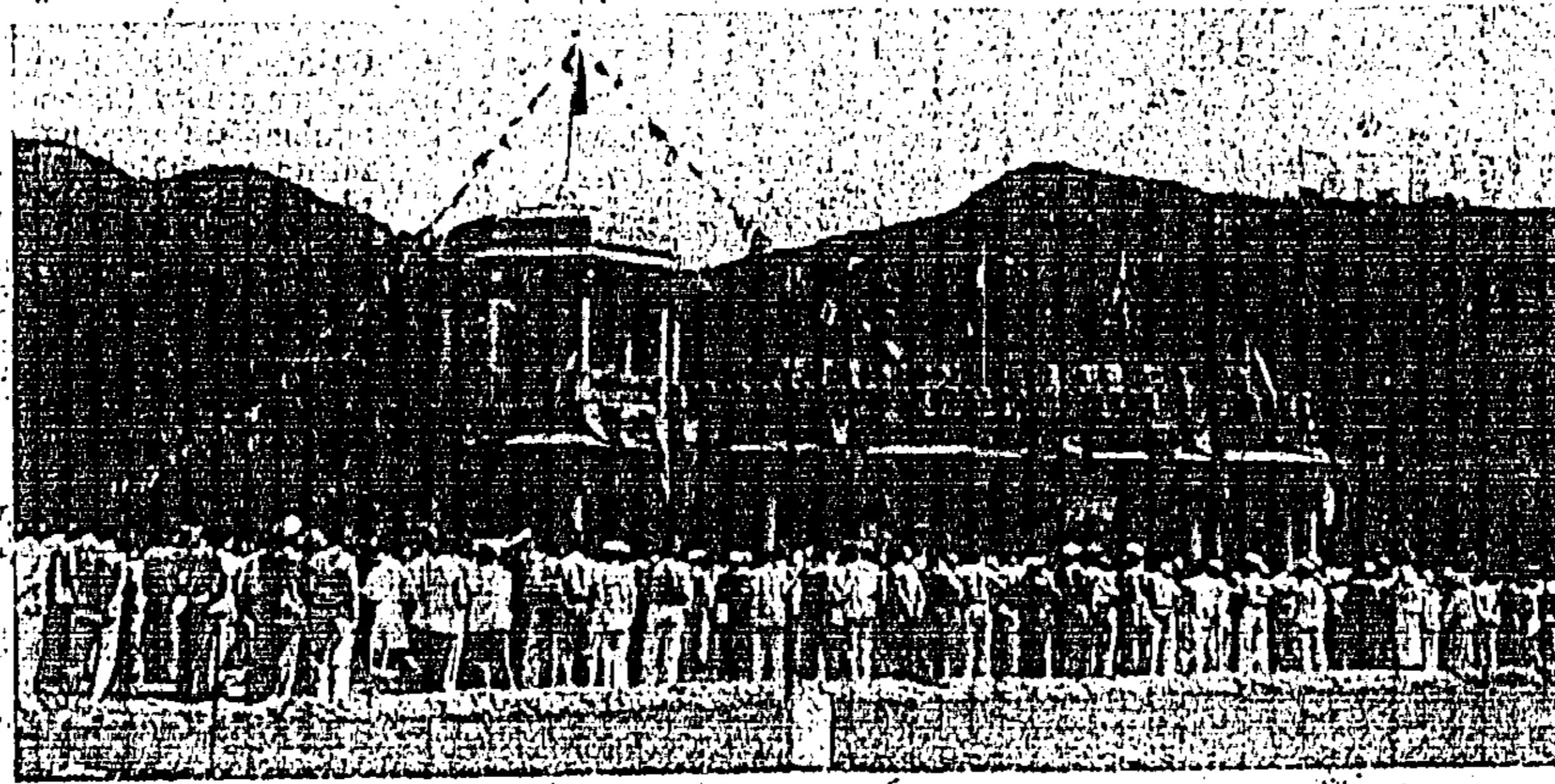
By Ernie Bushmiller



TELEGRAPH WEEK-END PICTORIAL



CATHEDRAL WEDDING—Mr and Mrs Nigel H. Hill, who were married last Saturday at St John's Cathedral, photographed with their attendants after the ceremony. The bride was formerly Miss Dorothy Moss. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



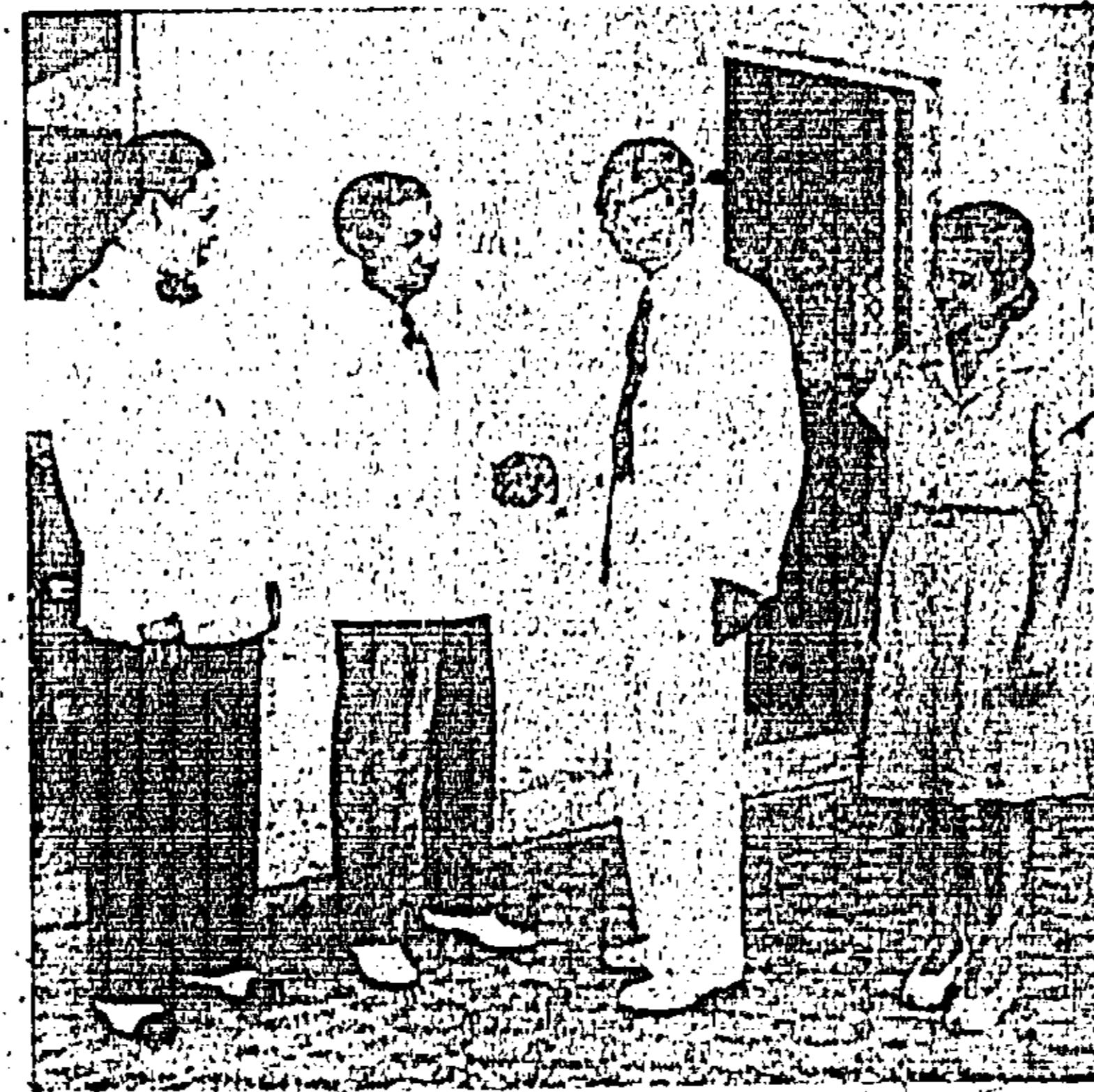
THE INDIAN COMMUNITY of Hongkong, comprising all sections, celebrated the inauguration of the Dominions of India and Pakistan on August 15 with a garden party at the Indian Recreation Club. Top picture gives an idea of the large crowd present; on the right is Mr H. T. Barma, secretary of the Independence Celebration Committee. (Photos: Ming Yuen)



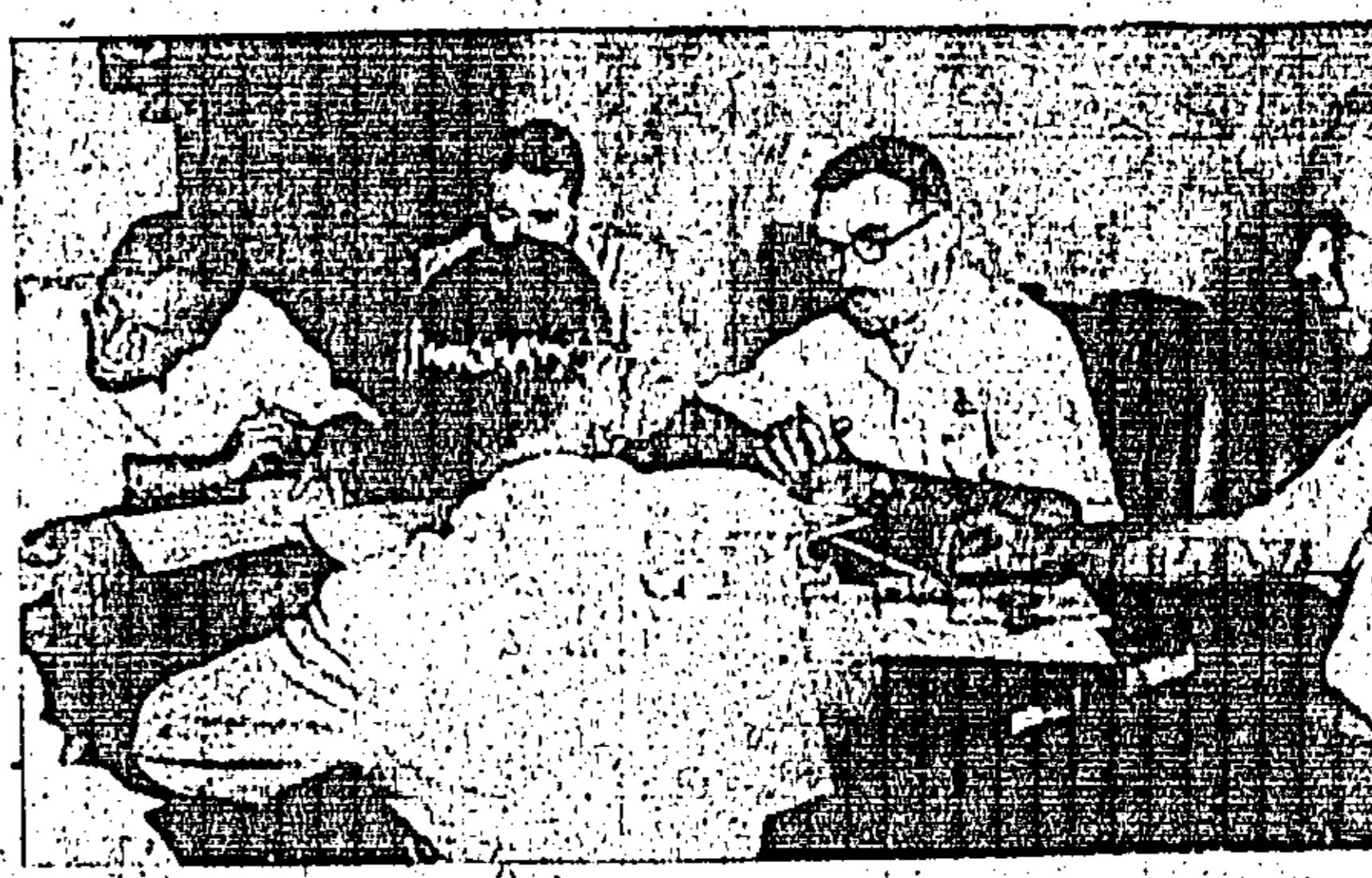
HONGKONG'S representatives to the Southeast Asia International Social Welfare Conference currently being held in Singapore—left to right: Mr C. N. Li, Relief Officer, Medical Department; Miss Scott Moncrieff, Secretary of the Hongkong Social Welfare Council; Miss Watson, Almoner, Medical Department. Picture was taken before they left by BOAC plane last week. (Photo: Mayfair Studio)



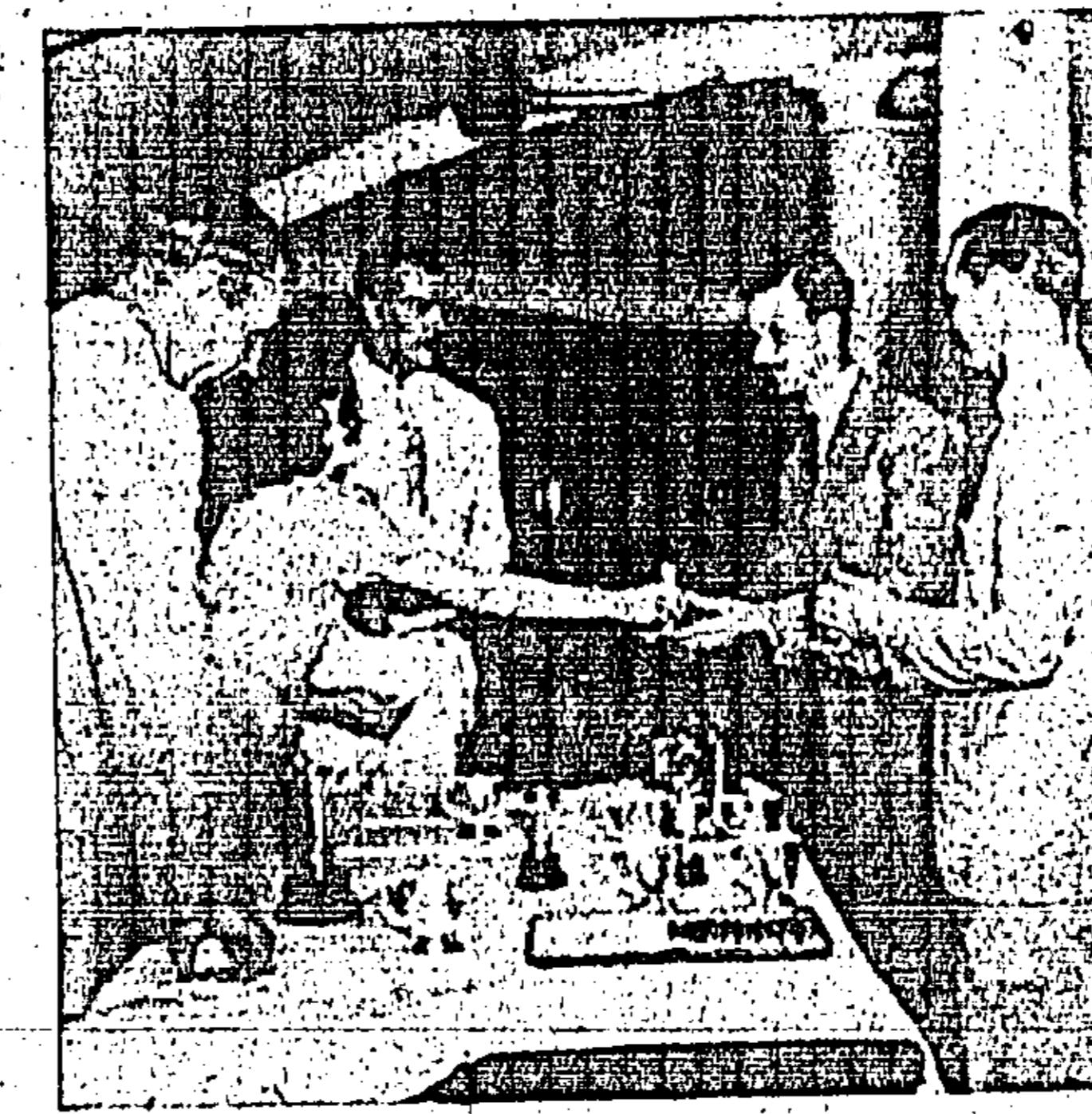
PICTURE taken after the christening at St John's Cathedral last Sunday of Peter Anthony Kerr, infant son of Mr and Mrs L. P. Haynes. (Photo: Moo Cheung)



THE PRESIDENT of the Filipino Club, Dr. V. N. Arionza (second from right), greeting the Philippines Vice-Consul, Mr. Bojasa, at the latter's new office at King's Park. (Photo: Victor Studio)



THE COMMISSIONER of Inland Revenue, Mr. E. W. Pudney (second from right), seen with reporters at his press conference last week. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



REUNION—At left, staff of the Optorg Company (Malaya) Ltd., who held a reunion dinner recently at the Kam Ling Restaurant. (Photo: Gordon Studio)



PRIZES for the year were distributed at the Hongkong Cricket Club on Monday. There was a large attendance of members and friends, including HE the Governor and Lady Grantham. Sir Alexander is seen in the right-hand picture conversing with Mr. Owen Hughes and a guest. Above left: Miss Joan Mitchell giving away the prizes. (Photos: Ming Yuen)



A HAPPY cosmopolitan party that attended the VJ-Day dance at the Cosmo Club. Left to right:—Mr A. R. H. Esmail, Mr Francis Zimmern, Mr W. K. Choa, Mr and Mrs R. H. Lobo, Mr and Mrs Li Po and Mr Peter Eardley. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



KOWLOON CRICKET CLUB held another successful cocktail party and dance last Saturday. The Clubhouse is now fully rehabilitated, and a series of social functions is being arranged. (Photo: Francis Wu)

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